

# THE MIRROR MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1849.

## WILFUL INGRATITUDE OF THE NATION.

### THE CHOLERA AND THE ARISTOCRACY.

*Timon.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apemantus.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest!

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feigned. He is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!"—*Timon of Athens.*

"By Heaven! I'd rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection."—*Julius Caesar.*

WE recommend our mottoes to the consideration of two classes. The first is for the hand-and-cap followers of the aristocracy; the second for the honoured masters of these honourable slaves. As the work, so the wages. The proverb is apt. It is an unclean occupation to wipe away the moral blots of an oligarchy; but the labour is not more dirty than the reward. The task consists in fawning, flattering, falsehood: the payment is place, pension, or favour; the work is to heap adulation on the upper classes, and to libel all men of popular predilections; and for this the literary or oratorical poltroon is repaid by the privilege of smirking at the bottom of an aristocratic table, or dandling after the skirts of a noble family. The client is worthy of the patron; but it is lamentable to see how educated men will take the dog's place under the board, and lick the platters of the great, merely for the advantage of nestling under their protecting wings. To point out a whole troop of these creatures were an easy task; but to particularise would be invidious—besides, the world has no difficulty in detecting the characters traced by pens dipped in golden ink, the adulation paid for by the line, and the falsehoods manufactured at an estimate. Tell me about your associates, and I will tell you what you are, says the proverb. Tell me whom you praise, and I will tell you what you are worth, might be said with equal truth. Panegyric, like other marketable commodities, is sold according to its quality; but the price is also in some degree regulated by the demand. The oligarchy, Heaven knows, stands in need just now of an immense supply. Adulation, therefore, is at a premium; for as the greatest criminals require the highest-fee'd lawyers to defend them, so do corruption and

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iniquity of the worst stamp pay liberally for the varnish of their reputation. But—

“Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.”

The plague of cholera, which—no thanks to our aristocratic government—is gradually withdrawing itself from us, brought out into full relief all the amiable qualities of our much-loved nobility. The history of their conduct during the reign of the epidemic should be printed on satin and bound in gold, as a Christmas gift to those good people the solace of whose minds is to dwell on the matchless virtues and the priceless value of our most noble hereditary House.\*

Some of these innocents, who seem in doubt whether Heaven or the aristocracy has the first claim on their devotion, might be supplied from the volume with excellent materials for a panegyric on the aristocracy. The House of Lords, as the very soul of this great body, might be selected as the subject of their peculiar adulation. Their lordships, Heaven knows, stand in need of defenders. Let them gather around them an army of ancient women in broadcloth, to protect them from the inroads of common sense. The antiquated institution requires all the aid of the country's folly to support it; huge as is the folly of the nation, however, it will not long be equal to the leaden weight. Age and excess have induced, as the medical phrase goes, general debility. The old House hobbles on crutches, grim, doleful, and trembling; it will die in the course of time. Its departure will be the signal of universal mourning. Long and deeply shall we lament its fall!

Then, however, when it has been quietly swathed and buried, it will require an epitaph. The surviving nation must write on imperishable marble a tribute of admiration for its virtues, and an expression of regret for its loss.

A tablet to the memory of the departed House of Lords!

Ingenuity is weak to suggest an epitaph which should convey a just idea of the merits of that far-famed repository of hereditary Solons. It may be cruel to the poor old House to engrave its tombstone ere it is fairly gone; but as ill-favoured folks seldom love to see their own faces in a glass, their lordships will doubtless not peer into these pages. Without fear, therefore, of wounding their feelings, we may go on and make the feeble attempt.

It is proposed to rear a gigantic monument in the centre of the Metropolis, whereon the eyes of all posterity may gaze, wrapped in a dream of exalted admiration of this hereditary system. They will wonder how man's weak ingenuity ever came to invent such a divine institution, and still more wonder at the folly which lost the priceless gem.

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED  
BY THE ENGLISH NATION

IN MEMORY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Before proceeding, however, a precaution suggests itself. When the House of Lords is sleeping in the same grave with the worship of idols,† trial by ordeal, the practice of torture, and the slave trade, it may be supposed that we, with the other cruel economists of the nineteenth century, may by unseemly violence have hastened its dissolution.

Whoever thinks thus will be in error.

The institution is dying a natural death. The less said about it the sooner it will go, which evinces our charity in speaking of it. No disease afflicts it. It sinks under old age and debility. You see a tree which is rotten to the core; you point out the fact, and warn the passer-by to stand out of the way. Can

\* It is the exception that proves the rule. Several of our peers have distinguished themselves by acts of high benevolence; but these stand in strange contrast with the rest of their class.

† Of wood, stone, and clay we mean, because, of other idols we have plenty in the present day.

you for this justly be accused of hastening its ruin? If you can, our argument goes for nothing. If you cannot, we stand acquitted of any share in the destruction of the House of Lords; we merely give notice of its approaching dissolution. For this we deserve thanks from at least that portion of the public which will weep over the bereavement. We call their notice to its coming death, and allow them opportunity to take

"A long, a last, a sad farewell;

We part to meet no more."

Artists are requested to send in a few designs, to be executed in cast-iron, for the adornment of the monument, and the illustration of the epitaph. Subjects readily suggest themselves.

I. Door of a workhouse,—darkness coming on, and rain falling heavily. Several men and women standing about the entrance, all pale, emaciated, hungry beings in rags—with one or two children shivering on the stones—door half open—a few grey-looking loaves thrust out to some of the favoured applicants; the rest turned away empty-handed, some to die in the night of cold and starvation, some to sigh away the hours until to-morrow, some to seek the river Thames, and beg a bed amid its waters; others to steal a razor or a rope, to finish the life which their fellow men do not care to preserve.

The inscription over this should be from Coleridge:—

—————"Ye numberless,  
Ye whom oppression's ruffian gluttony  
Drives from the feast of life."

II. A cellar in the city of London: Sixty men and women huddled together on cold damp stones—walls dripping wet—two or three dead bodies on benches—several children fighting over a scrap of bread—a vast black sewer rolling past the door, clouds of dark vapour ascending from it. Starvation reigns in this dreary place.

Shelley should write above the picture:—

"Famine, than whom *Misrule* no deadlier daughter  
Feeds from her thousand breasts, though sleeping there,  
With lidless eyes, lie Faith, and Plague, and Slaughter—  
A ghastly brood, conceived of Lethe's sullen water."

III. A man dying in a cellar; he is afflicted with typhus fever, and all his wife can give him is cold water. She has been to ask relief many times, but the answer was, "Your husband belongs to another parish (many miles distant); you had better take him to the workhouse there, when he will doubtless be admitted in a few days; if he dies, however, in this parish, he shall have a coffin." In the same cartoon might be represented a few men and women in a room hanging over a wide, full, poisonous ditch, all of them writhing in the agonies of cholera; the walls are hung with a hideous tapestry of slime, deposited by the rising malaria. Some of the victims are already dead—

"In their green eyes a strange disease did glow—

They sank in hideous spasms, or pains severe and slow."

IV. Stephen Witcher, a very feeble man, with his leg fractured, sitting on a heap of stones in a workhouse yard, the wind is blowing in his pale face, the rain is pouring on his grey head; hungry and weak, he lifts the hammer with numbed hands, to break the stubborn flints; the labour is wearisome, the man's injury afflicts him, he is cold, wet, and miserable, sometimes shedding tears from sheer pain and hunger—but he toils on, for a glorious prospect is in view.

After the day's work he will (so he delights himself with dreaming) be allowed to sit in a stone-paved room, where three cold potatoes (after the system proposed by the tender-hearted Lord Mountcashel) will recompense him for the weariness and bitterness of the day's suffering.

The legend inscribed above should be from Byron:—

"And none did love him."

The artist's experience will doubtless suggest a sufficient number of these illustrations. Contrasts, of course, must be given; Mountcashel must be re-

presented as he sits at table, with twenty merry guests, while the board is piled with luxury. He may be supposed expounding his theory of pauper diet, and recommending the plan of feeding the poor on three potatoes a day; "to prevent their being so anxious to get into the workhouse—because," he says, "the more comfortable you make them, the more they will seek to get into the house." All the guests applaud, and the rich viands rapidly disappear.

But the epitaph. We shall not attempt to suggest it; however, an admirer of hereditary legislation has favoured us with a few magnificent lyrical fragments. Our friend is very liberal, but being anonymous, can only be thanked in this place. The reader may exercise his ingenuity in guessing the author from the nature of his verses. We do *not* think they came from Alfred Tennyson. Possibly Brougham indited them in the interval of a quadrille.

Alas, our noble house is gone!  
Full many a year it lingered on;  
Men knew not why, men knew not how,  
But lords command, and men must bow.

It came  
In spirit, form, and name,  
From ages long gone by;  
It had its birth  
When power was law, when might was right,  
And superstition spread its blight  
To blast the blooming earth.  
But follies fly!

It goes,  
No matter where:  
We do not care  
To know the refuge of a pest;  
Suffice it that the world is blest  
With its departure,—heaven knows  
How joyful are we all!

It owed its fall  
To blessings three, by sage Athena sent—  
New power, new knowledge, new enlightenment.

The epitaph may then go on, if our poetical friend will furnish us with the elegy complete, to tell the works of the House of Lords in general, and to celebrate in particular the deeds of Brougham, Stanley, Harrowby, Galloway, Richmond, Winchelsea, and others, to whom the country begs to refer, as examples of its advancing wisdom.

An artistical friend has suggested also a line of portraits running down the edges of the monument, like an illuminated border to a book of fairy tales, in which dragons, genii, ghosts, double-headed serpents, and other monsters are introduced.

Each peer should be painted—says our correspondent from the Royal Academy—with an illustrative allusion to his distinguishing peculiarity.

Brougham might be described in one place exerting all his eloquence in favour of reform, throwing showers of promises on the people; then climbing over the people's backs to a seat in the hereditary house; then from his elevation defying them, and pelting them with all the missiles contained in his capacious magazine of vituperation. In another, he may be shown taking off his cap to the French Republic, and offering her his services; but being despised, in the next he must appear as lavishing the most bitter abuse on those at whose feet he so prettily fawned.

Harrowby should of course be seen rolling into the imperial house on a barrel of small beer, and dilating on the atrocious nature of its contents.\*

\* Subject for a prize essay: "Whether the Influence of Hereditary Power be more Demoralising and Corrupting than the Effects of Small Beer?"



Galloway, like Boreas, with his cheeks puffed out, almost weeping with vexation, because the press will not report, and the public will not read his speeches.

Winchilsea, alarmed at the sight of a Jew. Beautiful specimen of hereditary enlightenment!—prophecying “the torments of the damned” for all who venture to sit by the side of one believing in the Hebrew faith! Winchilsea may be quoted in support of the assertion that religious bigotry has no seat in the House of Lords.

Sleek Philpotts, vulgarly called Lord Bishop of Exeter—the modern representative, be it remembered, of one of the humble Twelve—should hold in his hand Pluto’s fork, to goad poor ministers into a right belief, into a love of Church and State. Enlightened, Christian Harry! Who can rail at the bench of bishops whilst you can blandly smother all objections with your soft lawn sleeve?

Some members might be painted engaged in “the innocent amusement of cock-fighting.” Their lordships entered the other day into an elegant defence of this sweet pastime. After this, who can doubt their fitness to watch over the humanity of the nation? Poor Richmond of course must be in his proper place, at the head of a table, engaged in his proper occupation, eating plum-pudding at an agricultural dinner, shrieking over the downfall of protection, and lamenting the cheapness of bread. He condoles piteously with the farming race on the great falling off in the number of deaths by starvation—we fully sympathise with the hereditary monopolist.

But we trouble ourselves to no purpose. Why should we call up the memory of such things? No one will be at a loss to remember something absurd of most peers.

The epitaph may now, then, proceed in sober prose to state that—

For many long years

The House

Continued to exert its influence on the mind  
Of the Country.

It opposed

FREE TRADE

As long as opposition was prudent;

It opposed the emancipation of

THE JEWS,

And

The Progress of Reform.

In a word,

Whenever popular privileges were to be enlarged;

Whenever the burdens of the Poor were to be lightened;

Whenever education was to be extended;

Whenever religious bigotry was to be softened;

Whenever the Country’s honour was to be vindicated;

Whenever the Middle Classes were to be relieved

From the oppressive load of Taxation

IT OPPOSED.

But whenever any scheme was invented

To aggrandise and enrich

AN OLIGARCHY

Already surfeited with wealth and power—

To draw fresh contributions

From the poverty of the Poor,

From the industry of the Middle Classes,

IT EXPRESSED A JOYFUL CONSENT.

The horrible atrocities of Ferdinand of Naples,

The dreadful butcheries in Sicily,

The ruin and slaughter in Rome,

*Wilful Ingratitude of the Nation.*

The desolation of Hungary,  
 The massacre of priests,  
 The scourging of women,\*  
 The hanging of innocent girls,  
 The burning of towns and villages,  
 The savage slaughter of children,  
 The torture of helpless old men,  
 The massacre of prisoners,†  
 The bombardment of Venice,—  
 Those professors of cruelty and savage atrocity,  
 The imperial generals of Austria,  
 With all things and men of similar character,  
 Found ready advocates,  
 Warm defenders,  
 Enthusiastic panegyrists  
 In  
 THE HOUSE OF LORDS.  
 Weep, therefore, over the  
 DOWNFAL OF HEREDITARY LEGISLATION.

It may then proceed to narrate how public opinion became enlightened—how the idea of wisdom descending from father to son by virtue of parchment was known to be a most silly notion; that the welfare of the country was thus committed to chance; that this was ridiculous and dangerous; that the nation was wearied of the House of Lords; and that—

We are not prophets, and cannot tell exactly the manner of its death. Probably no convulsions will accelerate its dissolution; nor are they, indeed, desirable. A kind of lethargy will in all likelihood deprive its last hours of pain.

We again borrow from the letter of our correspondent at Parnassus :—

Many an aristocratic jurist,  
 Many a noble sinecurist,  
 Many a foreign pauper then  
 Will grin from Hanoverian den,  
 And rue the rising sense of men. }  
 Many an admiral of the blue;  
 Many a burly general, too,  
 Crown'd with laurels not his own; }  
 Many a German princeling, grown  
 Fat upon the blood and bone }  
 Of English toilers, who have till'd  
 The land for them, and early fill'd  
 Their welcome graves; and many a vain,  
 Sleek follower of the noble train,—

\* Madame de Maderspach tells the story of her own sufferings:—"I was suddenly taken from my husband and children, and without any charge having been brought, or any previous communication made, I was dragged into a square formed by the troops, and in the place in which I reside, and in presence of its population, which had been accustomed to honour me, not because I was their mistress, but because the whole tenor of my life deserved it, I was flogged with rods. You see I can write the words without dying of shame." Her husband shot himself with a small cannon. The dancing chancellor—whose heart is that of a peer, not of a man—applauds this method of punishing innocent women. One of her friends will doubtless some day whet a dagger for the heart of the author of this infamy. We trust he may send it home, and should excuse it in all whose wives have similarly suffered.

† We exaggerate nothing. Such atrocities as are here indicated actually marked the Austro-Russian campaign in Hungary; and Lord Brougham, among many other peers, unblushingly defended them, saying that they were "only in the natural course of things, and the proper reward of rebellion."

Many who tread on wretchedness;  
 Many of those who warmly bless  
 The reign of craft, of ignorance,  
 Will weep when England breaks her trance,  
 To find their lucrative vocation—  
 The right of limitless taxation—  
 Snatch'd from their hands. Oh! how severe,  
 To take away the right so dear,  
 To plunder at unbridled will.  
 Ah! how the "noble" heart will chill  
 At such announcement: Ah! how sad  
 To them, the news that makes a nation glad!

We can imagine the scene at the funeral. What a train of disconsolation! From all parts of the kingdom—from royal palaces in Germany—from government houses in the colonies—from the offices of church and state, and the departments of the army and navy at home—from various editorial holes and literary shops will issue a swarm of moaning mourners, pierced to the heart with sorrow. The pensions and salaries—which, in Johnson's language, may be defined as allowances made to individuals without equivalents—are no longer to be paid!

Many a pensioned prince and pauper peer will then show his face bedewed with tears and overcast with woe. Probably they will look for more pity than they will find. Misfortune is the school of wisdom: detection is often the first step to honesty. They cut their coats according to their cloth; and the nation will follow their example. Having learnt prudence from adversity, we shall mind our affairs better; the money we earn we will keep, and spend only just so much of it as is necessary. Hitherto it has suited our wisdom to set the fox to keep the geese, and our aristocracy have profited by the plan—and very reasonably, too; it is easy to cut good thongs out of another man's leather. Commiseration, therefore, they will meet with none. Forthwith, then, the dismal howl of the distressed will ascend, for nobility must degrade itself, and turn to honest occupation.

To the existence, merely in name, of an oligarchy, a house of peers, and a titled class, we can have no objection. We have too serious cause of quarrel with practical things to challenge airy trifles. If the epithets please "the nobles" of the land, in all conscience let them keep them. Joy be to them of their bargain! But the influence of the House of Lords must be gradually destroyed. The instrument which will effect this consummation is its own folly—its own malignity. The next session will advance the good work far on the road to completion. The City of London has set up its standard against that of lordly bigotry, and will send to parliament a member of the Jewish persuasion. If the peers persist, the result may be foreseen.

If the Lords do not resist, their influence is virtually gone. Thenceforward they will be mere cyphers—empty names—ghostlike shadows—contemptible, not dangerous. They may meet, and meet, and meet, to their hearts' content, on the misty banks of the Thames. They may talk, and welcome; they may quarrel among themselves, weeping over the fall of monopoly, sighing over the ashes of departed privilege, but without avail. Jeers and mockings will assail their ears.

But what has this to do with the cholera?

Doubtless the reader will put this question. But the relation of the subjects is intimate. The paternal care of the people during the visit of the pestilence should endear the aristocracy to the minds of all men, especially of those who have seen their homes desolate through the neglect of means which the legislature had at its disposal to stay the ravages of the pest. Some violent individuals—who should have studied *moderation* under Albert Haller—declare that every bereavement they have suffered has written on their hearts a curse against the oligarchy. Remarkable as we are for gentleness, we reprove this anger, and observed, "What sympathy should you look for from your noble

governors? They are not men cast in the same mould with you. You come from Adam; they spring from the Preadamite Sultans. All mankind are reptiles; but they are the grander serpents, and you and I are the vermin."

It has been indubitably proved that with proper precaution the plague of cholera might have been made to fall as a mild visitation instead of a terrible scourge. Money, however, was wanting to ensure safety from its ravages. All the ingenuity of fiscal extortion can only raise a certain sum from the people. Certain things *must* be done; certain classes *must* be enriched. The revenue is spent; if nothing remains, nothing more can be done. The choice was, therefore, between cutting off the immense rivers of gold which flow into aristocratic coffers, and allowing the pestilence to do its work among the people. The decision was natural. The rivers flowed on, and the people were left to perish.

Our nobles breathed the balmy air of their rural estates, and lavished their resources on the Continental purveyors of pleasure. They lolled in the lap of peace, what, therefore, had the pestilence to do with them? What had they to do with the industrious classes? They were not in London, London might, therefore, be depopulated. That the people support them in their luxury is nothing; the glory which their ancient names—if not their modern reputations—shed on the country is ample payment. They could moralise very philosophically under the influence of a balmy sea breeze. They tell the poor, "Drain your Metropolis, get better food, don't live in holes and cellars, acquire clean habits, breathe proper air, widen your streets, purify your water!"

Perhaps those humane sympathisers with distress—who, doubtless, have been sworn at Highgate—would recommend the residents in Field-lane and the degraded tribe of Jacob's Island to move in a body to some healthy watering-place for a few months. Perhaps, also, they would suggest to those who dwell in the back alleys of the Lambeth-marsh to take villas in St. John's-wood—very kind of them indeed. Their sympathy brings to our recollection the anecdote of a French princess, who entertained truly *royal* opinions with respect to the poor:—

"Why are the people making this disturbance?"

"Because, madam, they have no bread."

"No bread!"

"None for them to buy. There is a famine in the country, and wealthy men hold the corn back."

"The fools!" exclaimed the innocent princess, "no bread! Well, who's to help it? If they can't get *bread* let them eat *pastry*."

Precisely of the same character is oligarchical sympathy with plebeian distress.

But, as we have said, although reason could not have looked for the assistance of an aristocratic government during this period of sickness and suffering, on the score of humanity, it suggested that they would do something to keep the polish on their reputation. We all know the gambler's trick. He allows you to win two or three games before he empties your purse. Success dispels your timidity, and destroys your caution. Precisely the same course would have been followed by a prudent oligarchy. Drawing, as they do, through secret channels, immense sums from the nation, they might with ostentatious liberality have tossed back a small modicum to prove their generosity. We are getting tired of the words "aristocratic liberality." We are looking for a few *deeds*. The nobility are drawing the thread a little too fine; they should be careful to secure it from snapping. Not even *golden wire* will stretch to infinity. Foolish as we are, our common sense tells us that a little practical assistance from Government would come in very well just now as an accompaniment to the huge doses of ethereal sympathy which we swallow every day.

There is more than a little German blood in the courtly and aristocratic throng, which suggests a proverb—

"Kleine Diebe hängt man, die grossen lässt man laufen."

Governors? They are not men cast in the same mould with you. You come from Adam; they spring from the President's saloon. All mankind are republicans; but they are the standard-bearers, and you and I are the veterans."

## ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

### BOOK II.—ST. MERY.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—THE LAST STRUGGLE.

VICTOR and Osmont had but small duties to attend to as commanding officers. From the instant that the contest was resumed it became one unceasing volley. The barricade was attacked on both sides at once by the line, the civic guard, and the artillery. The government had given strict orders that the position was to be carried that day at any price. It was until June, 1848, thought that an insurrection which lasted three days must infallibly be victorious. So any insurrection against a monarchy must always be. An insurrection against a republic is quite a different thing. The people against a king, and a part of the people against the sovereign millions are two different things.

Despite their wounds Theodore and Gonfran, after a night's rest and careful nursing, were on foot.

"Hum!" said Peter, loading his *brûle-gueule*, "I should like to know how this is to end."

"There is but one end," replied Theodore, gravely, as he also lit his pipe—they were seated on a stone, resting after a brief activity at the barricade—"yesterday I thought different."

"And that?"

"Is death or eternal imprisonment."

"Why?"

"We alone are struggling, and sixty men cannot overthrow a powerful monarchy."

"We have been very nigh it," observed Pierre Gonfran, launching thick volumes of smoke, and speaking loud, so as to be heard above the cracking of musketry.

"We have, Pierre, but the people are blind, they do not see that it is their duty to rise, if it be only to save this heroic band, which has perilled life in their cause."

"*Ma foi!*" said Pierre Gonfran, ruefully, "I've got an ounce of lead in my thigh, I believe, and that's pretty fair as my part of the glory of the day."

"*Diantre!*" cried Theodore.

"I mean I had, but Paul there took it out, and I feel considerably lighter. More comrades," he added, as three of the Republicans were led away from the barricades, mortally wounded.

At this moment a white flag advanced towards the barricade. The firing ceased on all sides. The parliamentary advanced.

"I wish to speak to Victor Lefranc," said the parliamentary, whom the whole party recognised as a Republican.

"Here I am, *citoyen*."

"I come," said the stranger, "to advise you to yield. Everything is over. The faubourgs St. Marceau and St. Antoine have given up, the barricades of the Rue St. Denis and Rue Montmartre are captured, and further persistence here is useless."

"Will the National Guard let us march out with arms and wounded, and give us twenty-four hours' start?"

"I will go ask;" and the agent of the besiegers retired.

"I think we may accept an honourable capitulation," said Victor, turning to his friends, "but nothing else."

"Nothing else," cried the Republicans with one accord.

"Be ready for renewing the struggle," continued Victor, "as I feel confident they will give no terms. How are you, Theodore?—and you, Pierre?"

"All right," said Theodore.

"Cursed stiff," replied Gonfran.

"I'm afraid we shall all be stiffer before night," said Osmont, who was famous for blunt jokes.

"We shall feel the less," put in another.

"And our game of *piquet*," said a third.

"And I promised to take Louise to Tivoli," cried another: "these people are quite annoying."

The parliamentary now returned.

"What say the National Guard?" asked Victor.

"They demand an unconditional surrender, and threaten to bayonet every man in the post if any further resistance be made."

"Tell them we expect as much of the assassins and *bourreaux* who fight for Louis Philippe."

"You intend to continue the struggle?"

"Retire, *citoyen*," cried Victor.

The Republican, who was a prisoner *en parole*, retired, and Victor turned to his friends.

"We have now, my boys, but one outlet hence, and that is death. Let no man expect to escape alive; and if any wish to retire now is their time."

"*Vive la Republique!*"

"Victory or death!"

"We are ready."

"Death to Louis Philippe."

"*Mort aux tyrans!*"

And then rose with one accord the splendid song of "*Rouquet de l'Isle*," the Marseillais,\* and the National Guard knew that the struggle had recommenced in earnest.

The Line, the National Guard, the Municipal Guard, all came in turn to the charge. All were driven back by the unceasing fire of the Republicans, who now fought with the desperation of men resolved only to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The bugle still sounded. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The Republicans took in turn a hasty repast to rouse their physical energies, drank a draught of brandy, and returned to the fire.

The line, excited with the struggle, made several charges to take the barricade by assault. They were driven back.

One half and more of the Republicans were dead. Victor, Osmont, Theodore, Paul, Gonfran, were all wounded, but Theodore and Gonfran most severely. New wounds compelled them to retire.

"Escape," said Victor, in a low tone, "all is over; in half an hour we shall have perished."

"And you, Victor?"

"I am only slightly wounded, and must remain to the last. But you go. If we both escape, you will meet me at Madame Paulin's; she is a friend of Helene's, and will hide us."

"I cannot go."

"For her sake—for their sakes, Theodore."

"I will go;" and pressing his brother-in-law's hand the young viscount, followed by Pierre Gonfran, moved towards a lofty house, by the garrets and roofs of which it was likely they might escape.

\* See Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*, No. 296, for Sept. 1, 1849.



Both were utterly unequal to any further conflict.

At three o'clock in the afternoon only twelve Republicans remained alive, and it became impossible to defend the two barricades any longer. Victor at once decided on a bold and terrible step.

"All is lost!" he cried to his friends, in a low tone of voice; "but we may as well live for the future; the time may come when the usurping Philippe may be less fortunate: the people's time is coming. Load your guns, fire a sudden volley—load again, and then rush through the troops; let those who escape meet at Pierre Dupont's at midnight."

"Agreed!" said one.

"It is our only plan," cried Osmont.

The Republicans loaded, and collecting in a group fired all at once. Some confusion took place in the ranks of the besiegers.

"On! on! don't wait to load; trust to your pistols and poignards," said Victor.

The twelve men rushed headlong on the National Guard and troops of the line; but while their pistols and daggers were freely used upon the civic guard, they avoided the soldiers as much as possible. In the *melée* many was the sympathetic squeeze exchanged between the Republicans and the regular troops. The latter, by a sudden pretended panic, favoured the escape of the remnant of the heroic band. Eight Republicans passed through the ranks alive, the rest were bayoneted, without mercy, by the National Guard, which that day was rampant in its rage: it on a small scale was guilty of the atrocities, fearful and terrible, which characterised the same body in June, 1848. Victor, bleeding and sore, was among the successful fugitives. A friendly wine-shop gave him shelter and the means of changing his costume. At nightfall, in the disguise of a ticket-porter, he made towards his own home, heavy of heart and sad, for he feared that Theodore and Gonfran were bayoneted with the rest of the wounded. On this occasion they did not bayonet every man, woman, and child found in the houses defended, they were content with the men. The other atrocity was reserved for the Rue Trausnenian and Marshal Bugeaud.

We must follow Theodore in his adventurous and perilous flight.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—THE FLIGHT ALONG THE ROOF.

WHEN Theodore and Gonfran had bound up their wounds, and carefully erased every trace of the combat, they looked around to examine the means of exit offered under the circumstances. The houses in the neighbourhood were of unequal height, and some with very steep roofs; the house they were in opened within the barricade, and its garret could be seen by the beleaguering force, though not by the Republicans. Neither of the young men had strength left for any very desperate effort—at all events so they fancied; they were feverish and hungry both, and weak above all.

"I can see nothing to be done but to start," said Pierre; "it's a queer road is the tiles, but I have often scaled them to cheat a husband or a papa. Ah, me! many an hour have I spent at the window of a hard-hearted grisette, who would not open it; let me see if I can't do as much for my life."

"If we get blocked up anywhere you shall tell me one of your adventures."

"Hark! the firing has ceased."

"The drums sound within the barricade, we have no time to lose."

Pierre Gonfran, as these words were spoken, opened the garret window, and stepped out, Theodore following.

"Which way?" said Theodore.

"Let us study the geography of the *locale*," cried Peter, "and then I try and orienter myself."

Behind them was the Church of St. Mery, separated only by the *Cloître St. Mery* from them; around were roofs of all heights and character—flat roofs,

slanting roofs, terraced roofs, and roofs with queer little sentry-boxes on the top, where meditative students smoked their pipes, and sentimental grisettes looked down as from the Pantheon, on the vast expanse of Paris, like every other great city, very shabby, ugly, and dismal-looking about the upper works. Roofs and back courts are always like the underclothes of slatterns, dirty because they are not seen.

"Which way?" asked Theodore.

"Hum!" answered Peter, coolly stuffing his pipe.

"Mon père a fait bâtir maison,

Tire moi donc sur les avirons;

Tire, tire, marinier, tire,

Tire—moi donc sur les avirons."

"Peter, this is no time for singing."

"Isn't it? It's always my way when I'm in a difficulty; but follow me," and Gonfran coolly began to ascend the slope between two garret windows, and was next minute perched on the very crest of the eight-storied house.

"The Rue Brise-Miche is our only chance," continued he, after a pause; "to reach this we must perform a journey."

"I hear the shouts of victory behind," muttered Theodore, in a gloomy voice; "where is Victor?"

"Where all good Republicans should be," said Peter, with gravity.

The viscount did not ask where he meant, having no wish to hear his own fears supported by the testimony of his companion.

They now began their arduous journey along the roofs of houses of different height and character. Now they had to let themselves down the sides of lofty ones, now to climb from the lower ones upwards, until at last they found themselves on the paved roof of a terraced house, and no possible means of going beyond.

"What is to be done?" asked Theodore, less experienced in this peculiar style of locomotion than his friend.

"Here is a trap-door very easily raised up," said Peter, "but let me first look down into the street."

Peter leant over and gazed down below.

"National Guard *en masse*; thank ye," he cried, as a shot was fired up at him. "They've rushed into the house, and will be up in an instant."

Peter raised a huge loose stone from the parapet, and fixed it on the trap-door, Theodore imitated him, and the weight was soon almost too much for the wood and iron to bear.

"I can't open it," said a voice below.

"Ah! *brigand! scelerate!* ah, you *damnés* Republicans!" cried one below, striking hard with his musket, "open, open, till I come at you."

"Much obliged!" observed Peter, "but we'd rather not. Many thanks to you, all the same."

This said, they again looked over; the street was now empty. A window below the roof was open. Peter, with a belt round his waist, to which Theodore held fast, swung himself down, entered the window, and then assisted his companion to follow. They were in a room with two doors; the one fast closed, and opening on the passage where the National Guard were furiously stamping and bellowing—the other opening elsewhere. Peter coolly pulled off his clothes, opened a chest of drawers, took out a couple of blouses, some trousers, some shirts, and washed his face and hands. The viscount imitated him, and in ten minutes the two begrimed and sooty Republicans, covered with blood, gunpowder, and the dirt of a camp, were transformed into two clean and handsome *ouvriers*, their wounds being well bandaged and hidden. Peter cut off his darling beard.

At this instant a key turned in the opposite door, and a young man entered. He stood annihilated with surprise on the threshold, closed the door behind him without speaking a word, pointed to the other door with one hand, his

finger on his lips, and was next instant clasped in the arms of the grateful fugitives.

"We have made free with your clothes to save our lives," said Theodore.

"You are welcome," replied the other in a whisper, making the same answer which ninety-nine out of a hundred of the generous workmen of Paris would have made in a similar instance.

"But you won't lose a *sou*, not a *liard*," said Peter, who had seen Theodore slip more than the value of the borrowed clothes into the drawer of the *commode*.

"I ask for nothing, but follow me; the coast is clear. Below is a wine-shop. A good draught and some bread and sausages will give you colour: you are too pale to walk the streets without suspicion."

The young man thrust all the clothes taken from the backs of the Republicans into a box, taking out the key, and was preparing to go down stairs, when a tremendous clamour was heard, shrieks, and groans. The trap had fallen in!

"Drag out the wounded," cried an officer; "but some follow me—the brigands must perish!"

The National, yelling and shouting in their blind rage, half the effect of drink, rushed on the roof. Luckily, the fugitives had closed the window.

"They have flown back," said one.

"Scour the roofs," cried another.

"No quarter!" repeated the officer. "Bayonet them and pitch them into the street; enough have escaped."

"It is no longer safe to go down," said the young man. "I will go fetch you food and drink."

Theodore placed a five-franc piece in the workman's hand, who smiled at the sight.

"Am I to spend all this?"

"Two more," added Theodore. "We may probably be blocked up some days."

"Citizens," said the young workman, "trust to me. This room is mine, in conjunction with Paulin, a brother workman. He is an honest fellow; you can trust him. May I bring him up?"

"Certainly; we are in your hands, act as you think fit. We rely on you."

"Tope—*la*," replied the workman.

"But mind, plenty of wine," said Peter, "*pain a discretion*, and sausages equally unlimited."

"You shall have all," replied the workman.

"Do you play *piquet*?" asked Gonfran.

"I will bring up a pack of cards."

"And I say, comrade, plenty of tobacco. We can't nurse our wounds, so we'll feed them."

"Are you much wounded?" asked the workman, coming back.

"We have many wounds, but none very serious. You may make some lint when you come back."

The workman disappeared.

"Are we safe?" said Theodore, in a low whisper.

"Quite," replied Peter; "I know the Paris workmen. None save your *commissionaries* are ever *reaca*."

"But will he be cautious?"

"A regular Parisian is more *sournois* than the devil. Trust him. I only hope Victor is half as comfortable."

The two young men completed their *toilette*, perfectly callous to the oaths and bawling of the National Guard, which, as usual, after a victory over an *ennemi*, was savage and bloodthirsty. This is readily explained. On such occasions none turned out save ultra-royalists and tradesmen whose existence depended on the court, or the ignorant *banliere*, who saw in Republicans brigands who

wanted pillage and the *guillotine*. The more they had been alarmed, the more furious were they when they recovered the mastery. The various citizens who turned out in plain clothes on such occasions could speak to this; for many were the blows and insults they received from the victorious civic guard, whose conduct was in striking contrast with the gentle and grave demeanour of the regular troops.

The workman soon returned with Paulin, their pockets loaded with provender, and the four new friends soon sat down to their extempore meal.

The National Guard evacuated the house without noticing the back stairs by which the workmen had ascended, and all relapsed into quietness.

A hearty dinner, to which all four did justice, a generous bottle of wine, and a quiet smoke, with a game of *piquet*, put the associates in excellent humour, though Theodore was deeply anxious.

"If I only knew the fate of Victor," he said.

"What Victor?" asked Paulin.

"My friend and brother," said Theodore.

"One of the barricaders arrested while trying to escape gave him the name Victor Lefranc to the troops who took him."

"He is then alive," said Theodore; "but a prisoner. Poor Helene! But with life there is hope."

"I knew he would be spared," cried Gonfran.

"The *cachets* of Louis Philippe are no sweeter than those of Charles X.; but who knows what may happen? He will be tried, but he will have good lawyers; and lawyers, you know, will do much even for an assassin."

"But an assassin, Pierre, has far better chance of an acquittal than a Republican. An assassin has dispassionate judges and fair trial. A Republican has partisan judges and partisan juries, if not a court martial."

"But we must not despond. Seven cards."

"Seven cards; good," replied Paulin.

"Three queens."

"Three queens are good," continued M. Paulin. "You are lucky, M. Pierre."

And the two men continued their game of *piquet*.

#### CHAPTER XV.—THE GITE DU DIABLE.

THAT night there was rejoicing in high places, for the monarchy of July had escaped one of the rude shocks which threatened its overthrow. It was that day manifest that royalty would not perish before brute force, an argument which it understood and could combat. Despotism has little to fear from secret conspiracies and partial insurrections, and as long as it is only attacked after that fashion, will hold its ground. Ideas alone can mine the fortress which kings, and priests, and nobles have created for their own glorification and advantage.

The thinkers of the nineteenth century, those whose names in after ages will be quoted as the heralds of the new light of civilisation, are those who have really done the work of revolution. If Voltaire and Rousseau, with the encyclopædists generally, paved the way for the great revolution, M. Proudhon, Fourier, Pierre Leroux, and other extraordinary thinkers of the present age it is who have sapped the foundations of superstition and power. It is of no use that stupid and blind *statu-quo* rails against what it calls socialism; socialism is but the organisation of democracy. Socialism is crude, full of errors, follies, and even crimes; but socialism is still the new light which will govern the world.

The bestiality of Fourier, the Deism of Proudhon, the positivism of Louis Blanc, the dreamy visions of Pierre Leroux, cannot destroy the truth which is at the bottom of their writings. We must cast aside that which is evil within, and hold fast by that which is good.

Fourier teaches absurdities, follies, bestialities; but he also teaches that the poor have been too little considered; that the millions are something; that association will enable the poor to compete with the rich, and be no longer paupers. He teaches that union and harmony between men, that the extinction of pauperism is possible by one only means, the extinction of wealth. And he is right. It is great and undue wealth, locked up in classes, by such barbarous and ignorant laws as entail and primogeniture, that is the cause of great and undue poverty.

Proudhon attacks Christianity, but adopts all its tenets, and teaches that the observance of the Sabbath as a day of repose is of itself a step towards the emancipation of the poor. He proves, with that irrefragable logic which no man yet has been able to answer, that property is not a divine institution, but one made by man, and liable to reform and amelioration. In England the law adopts the conclusions of Proudhon. Property is very sacred with us; but when for a railway or other public convenience it requires to be violated, it is done. Proudhon merely argues that God gave the world, its surface, and contents to all men; and that men in society, under a free government, with universal suffrage, have a right to limit its agglomeration in a few hands, to prevent its being held by a few, and to make laws tending as far as possible to its constant distribution. He declares that a rich man, possessed of land in trust for those who have nothing, is bound to see that none starve around him. He only asks for France that which is legally due in England; that the poor should be fed when in need by those who are not poor; and he would, by just laws, as much as possible prevent pauperism, by making as many as possible sharers in the good gifts of an Almighty and just God.

Pierre Leroux, though vague and dreamy at times, is just in his declamations at the too great influence of money.

Louis Blanc's whole theory is this:—If a hundred workmen could carry on a building business and earn 2*l.* each, it would be far preferable to the system which would let one man pocket 100*l.*, and the ninety-nine men take only 1*l.* each.

But socialism is diabolical, subversive, abominable, vile, odious; such is the general opinion. But how many who speak thus know anything about the matter? They read not, they know nothing, and they condemn.

French socialists, like most Frenchmen, have been educated in a false school, that of scepticism, and under the influence of an immoral school of literature. But socialism, casting aside what belongs to nearly all French literature and philosophy, is nothing else but practical democracy. Mere republican institutions, universal suffrage are but means to an end. Alone, they would produce no change to elevate the people, to extinguish pauperism, to spread happiness and content throughout the land: we must have radical and social reforms, and this is what the French have discovered, with everybody not personally interested in the opposite state of things.

But the democrats of Paris were not to learn the truth at once. The fatal days of the 5th and 6th June were not enough to discourage the heroic band, which hoped in default of a general insurrection to fight the battles of the suffering millions. They still hoped, and while other men, more wise, sat down to sap with paper, pen, and ink the strongholds of despotism, they prepared to renew the contest.

In secret and out-of-the-way places the Republicans met in council on that terrible night.

A small wine-shop in a dark and narrow street in the very heart of the city was open at ten o'clock. The Rue de la Merrerie was about three feet wide, dirty, wet, and redolent of odours which seemed to herald the cholera—a disease which will do more to aid the progress of civilisation than anything else, because it will make us clean, and will eradicate from great cities the rookeries which are the fertile sources of ignorance, and disease, and death. The police rarely entered the place, except in search of convicts under criminal



ban. M. Nostan, who kept the wine-shop, was not a very particular man, but he allowed no thieves that he knew of in his den. He asked no questions, but any one whose language or acts denoted a pickpocket was put to the door. He had no political opinions, but he admired those who had, and allowed conspiracies under his roof. The moment you were a conspirator you had his respect. You might be a Buonapartist, a Royalist, a Republican, he cared not. You were a conspirator—that was enough for him.

Just as the clock struck ten, four men entered the wine-shop, and made their way to a dingy parlour without saying a word. They all wore blouses and caps drawn over their eyes.

"Repubs"—muttered M. Nostan, as they passed, giving a peculiar expressive wink. "Hum! *C'est une affaire flambée.*"

After this expressive commentary on the events of the day, M. Nostan entered the parlour to take orders.

"Two *cachets* at 14," said Pierre Gonfran, who, with his newly-enrolled Republicans and Theodore had ventured to a *rendezvous*.

"Good citizens," cried M. Nostan, "Hum! Dangerous," and he shook his head.

"Very," said Pierre.

"Here's the key. Hum! three whistles."

"Good," replied Gonfran, who seemed well up to the plans of the house.

"Let none but *ours* enter."

"*Bon!* Hum! *Aristos* no go to night."

And M. Nostan went out.

Scarcely had he regained his bar when another workman entered, who cast his eyes rapidly around the place. He was small and delicate-looking.

"What is it to serve you?" said M. Nostan, with a knowing wink, under which the other bent down his eyes.

"We are looking for some friends," said the little workman, in a trembling voice. "Come in," he added, turning round.

Another *ouvrier* like himself, with white blouse, handsome cap, and flowing blue trousers, followed.

"My damsels," continued the sharp-eyed wine-seller, "are you friends *repubs* or *aristos*?"

"They have been out to-day and yesterday," said the little workman, whose eyes were filled with tears.

"*Helene!*" cried a voice behind.

"Victor!" exclaimed the disguised wife.

"Not a word, M. Nostan; we are hotly pursued. Who is inside—friends or enemies?"

"Go in," said M. Nostan, who then gave a shrill whistle.

Victor, Marie, Helene rushed in, and were in the arms of Theodore the next minute.

The poor wives, alarmed at the absence of their husbands, and at the terrible details brought them, had procured disguises and gone out to search for them. Aware of their secret haunts, they had gone straight to the *Gile au Diable*.

A second whistle.

"We must be stirring," said Gonfran, opening a door down two steps which led to a cave.

The whole party was ready.

A third whistle.

They hurried down the stairs, and soon found themselves in a vast wine cellar. Pierre, who knew the secrets of the house, pushed aside a full barrel that turned on a pivot, and they were next minute in a second cellar. Ten minutes after they were in the street, and making their best way home.

(To be continued.)



OUR HOUSEHOLD POETS.

## OUR HOUSEHOLD POETS

way to a dingy parlour without a door.  
 They all were dressed and  
 Just as the clock struck ten, there entered the waiter, and made their  
 You were a conspirator—that was enough for him.

**BURNS.**

BURNS.

BY JOHN TOMLINSON.

WE can imagine we see the reader turning up his nose at the title of our paper, just as he would at a fillet of mutton three times hashed—the simile he thinks is perfectly consistent. Not that there is anything distasteful in Burns at first hand any more than there is in mutton, but the appetite is apt to be spoiled by cooking up even a favourite joint too often. There is a great deal of truth in the insinuation; we feel it is no easy matter to interest the reader in a subject upon which so much has been said, and said well. The poet's history is so well known, his personal character and the character of his writings are now so generally appreciated, that it is almost impossible to find anything to say which is new. "Then why again obtrude Burns on our notice?" For two reasons. We have loved him from childhood sincerely and earnestly. If there be one modern name more than another consecrated by associations as pleasurable as they are vivid, and as numerous as they are strong, it is the name of Burns. Again, because he is emphatically a poet of the people. If there be one man who can justly claim the cognomen of "national bard," whose magic influence is felt from the cottage to the throne, it is Burns. The rich read him with pleasure and delight; they are astonished that such ennobling sentiments, such high-toned sensibility can be irradiated around the peasant's lowly ingle; the poor love him—and no wonder, for he was one of themselves—they both glory and are glorified in him. I have sometimes thought what a pity Providence did not bless him with a more propitious lot. But it might have been worse for the world. It is emphatically true of Burns—

**"He learnt in suffering what he taught in song."**

He would, no doubt, have been a happier man; but we should have wanted many of those tender thrilling bursts of feeling which the force of circumstances alone impelled. Nor should we perhaps murmur at the scantiness of his academic training. He would, doubtless, with application and perseverance, have excelled in any department of letters; he might have combined his poetic fire with classic adornings, and captivated us as much by his literary lore as by the depth and brilliancy of his genius. But perhaps he would scarcely have been known as a poet. What trifling incidents—a mere casual occurrence frequently determines an individual's destiny. Did you ever think of this? It is strange how much one event affects another by the inevitable law of association, and how closely are assimilated the circumstances and character of the man. We have on this point a signal illustration in the history of our poet. Burns, as every one knows, was cradled in adversity, his early life was one continued scene of poverty, hardship, and sorrow. As he grew up nothing appeared to prosper with him. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three he tried hard to raise himself a little in the world, and having saved a few pounds he entered into partnership with a man in the flax line; six months had, however, scarcely passed away, before the whole property was destroyed by fire. But this was not the worst—troubles came thick and fast—he returned home to toil again with his father just at the time when a law-suit pending between the elder Burns and his landlord was decided in favour of the latter.

and the old man only escaped the horrors of a gaol by death. Their affairs were now a complete wreck. Robert and Gilbert were left with a legacy of five younger children to battle with the world. And manfully did they strive. Another farm was taken, and, as Gilbert tells us, Robert devoted all the energies of body and mind toward rendering it productive. Here again his evil genius frowned upon him, the land was hungry and sterile, and after experiencing one or two bad harvests he was obliged to quit. Poor Burns! the yearnings of his soul were after the enjoyments of domestic bliss. He long and ardently looked forward to a period when he might woo in comfort, and take "the delight of his eyes" to such a home as he has more than once so graphically described. But he could hope no longer; his ruined fortunes, combined with an unfortunate love affair, drove him to desperation, he resolved to quit his native land and embark for Jamaica. Here, however, an obstacle presented itself—he had no money and no means of securing his passage. What was he to do? It is true he had by him a few odd scraps of song such as the peasants love, and more than one of his humble friends had suggested that if they were arranged and printed the project would be "nae ill ta'en." Burns, therefore, in order to raise sufficient money to pay his passage to Jamaica, resolved to collect and publish his juvenile poems. The idea took, and by this means the author became possessed of nearly £20. And now he turned his eyes to the Indies—but he shall tell his own tale—

"This sum [received from the publisher at Kilmarnock] came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of waiting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for 'hungry ruin had me in the wind.' I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a gaol, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels [to compel him to maintain or give security for the maintenance of his twin children by Jean Armour]. I had taken farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia ['The gloomy night is gathering fast'], when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I should meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition fired me so much that away I posted for that city without a single acquaintance or a single letter of introduction." Thus we perceive these few generous and well-timed lines fixed the poet's destiny. Instead of fleeing an outcast from his native shores, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he was courted by the gifted and feasted by the noble; and when a new edition of his poems was issued, under splendid patronage, the poor ploughman realised no less than £500. There is a saying of Han Christian Andersen, "that people suffer a great deal of adversity, and then they become famous."

Every author writes his own history. You will find the index of a man's characteristics in his writings. He may strain after the bold, the beautiful, the great; but it is easy to tell whether the inspiration springs from genius or indigestion. He may try to manufacture emotions for the occasion, "to mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad;" but the tissue is far too thin to hide the hypocrisy beneath it, and we retire with a vivid conviction that the distance is considerable between true poetry and bathos. We will go further. Watch narrowly, and you even may trace the development of private character. A man's writings are a photograph on which every mood of the mind is permanently impressed. Let us examine those of Burns, and trace out the delineation. And here we would just observe, in commencing, that the portrait is plain and legible, the lines are not faint but clear, and the shadows full. There is a distinctiveness, an individuality about it which answers exactly to the man. Let not the reader misunderstand us; we do not mean to affirm that there is much of

evenness, of uniformity, or steady resolution in Burns' character,—the reverse is glaringly apparent; perhaps one more volatile never existed; his whole life was a succession of varying impulses; as he says of himself, in reference to the fair sex, his "heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other." It was this versatile disposition which prevented his settling for long together to any project; and hence his poems are most of them short, such as a single heat might almost prompt and inspire. But this feature in his character in no degree beclouds the reflex of Burns' own image in his works; all is open, clear, perspicuous; you have not to hesitate a moment to consider in what category to place him. There is no ambiguity, no low cunning or deception, no effort to conceal anything in Burns; he lays open the workings of his heart at every step. Drill him as you might he would have made but a very indifferent hypocrite. But further, if there be one feature in Burns more conspicuous than another it is his deep sensibility. He was, as he happily describes himself, made up of "a few of Nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art." Look at his history. Perhaps no poet ever began life with fewer aids from adventitious circumstances. His acquaintance with literature was scanty in the extreme, for, although like the sons of most Scottish peasants, he received a tolerable common education, his extreme poverty and isolation put the acquisition, or even the loan of a book, on a par with angels' visits. Unblest with literary lore, imagination had no field to rove in but nature and the world within him, but there germinated the noblest impulses and the warmest passions; while the poet, to ease his throbbing breast, poured forth his hopes and loves, his joys and sorrows, in immortal verse. Thus it is that his writings strike us at once as the offspring of personal individual feelings; of his lyrics, in particular, almost every sentiment is a phrase of his own experience. Could any one but a lover have written those lines addressed to "Mary in Heaven," or more particularly "Highland Mary?" Listen to the tender, fervent, affectionate plaint—

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

As underneath its fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom.

The golden hours on angel wings

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me as light and life

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender;

And, pledging oft to meet again,

We tore ourselves asunder—

But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flower sae early;

Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay

That wraps my Highland Mary."

Burns was passionately fond of Mary Morison; he commemorates her in another song, from which we extract the following lines. What a picture of constancy!—

"Yestreen when to the trembling string,

The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha';

To thee my fancy took its wing,

I sat, but neither heard nor saw;

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,

And you the toast of a' the town;

I sigh'd, and said, among them a',

Ye are na Mary Morison."

And think you "The Cotter's Saturday Night" had nothing to do with the household of good William Burns?

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets weaving thin and bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care,  
And, 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,  
They tune their hearts—by far the noblest aim;  
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;  
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.  
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;  
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'  
That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear;  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear,

While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

If we had not read his life we should have guessed this was a hallowed page in the poet's history; so truthful and heartfelt is the picture. A bad man could never have written that poem, nor one who had but an imaginary interest in the theme. Burns had a heart full of love, which gushed out spontaneously in song. If it could not find human sympathetic auditors it pours forth its plaint to the waters and the woods. Never, perhaps had poet greater facility in apostrophising the inferior creation; there is in Burns' sketches a rich raciness of expression, and frequently a pathos, which puts out of competition any similar efforts of his contemporaries. Read his "Address to a Mouse on turning one up in her nest with the plough"—

"Wee, sleekit, cow'ring, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie;  
Thou need na' start awa sa hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle," &c.

or his popular song,

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return," &c.

Sensibility is the most distinguishing qualification of a lyrical poet; and as

this is a department in which Burns reigns with few rivals, we will devote a passing notice to the subject. Many people entertain the idea that song writing is the easiest of all metrical composition,—they are sadly mistaken, for in no department is excellence more difficult of attainment. A song is less dependent for success upon art and more upon passion; the latter must have breadth and depth or its superficialities are easily visible. Our best songs have evidently arisen spontaneously as the product of powerful emotion; even the language is such as would be dictated by the impulse of the moment. Dulness, dry detail, or commonplace description are intolerable in a song. We say Burns possessed the qualifications of a lyrical poet in a high degree. His imagination was lively and strong, but its development being restricted almost entirely to his own personal experiences, there is in it all the simplicity of nature. Burns had in his nature little consanguinity with the inhabitants of dream-land; his fancy's wing did not propel him into regions of airy, unsubstantial pageantry—he had no sympathy with myths and mythology; we discover in him no philosophical niceties, no wire-drawn distinctions. His heroes and heroines, noble they may be, and invested with the highest charms, but they are beings of honest flesh and blood, and have relations to the real and the tangible; but Burns possessed also much artistic power. It is something to have a keen sense of the beautiful; it is the sign and prerogative of nobler faculties to steal a gleam of beauty from external things, and assimilate it to the soul; but this is not enough, the poet must reproduce the image and its associations in a more permanent form; this our Scottish bard has done to perfection. Nature had ever been his chosen companion, in boyhood his delight was to wander forth—

“Young fancy’s rays the hills adorning.”

The principal subjects of his songs are a love of nature and a love of women; but the two are often mingled, and many a pretty picture of this sort has he given us. Take this for an example:—

“O, luve will venture in, where it daur na’ weel be seen,  
O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;  
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green;  
And a’ to pu’ a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu’, the firstling o’ the year,  
And I will pu’ the pink, the emblem o’ my dear,  
For she’s the pink o’ womankind, and blooms without a peer;  
And a’ to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I’ll pu’ the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,  
For it’s like a baumy kiss o’ her sweet bonnie mou’;  
The hyacinth’s for constancy, wi’ its unchanging blue;  
And a’ to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu’ when the evening star is near,  
And the diamond drops o’ dew shall be her een sae clear;  
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa’s to wear;  
And a’ to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I’ll tie the posie round wi’ the silken band of luve,  
And I’ll place it in her breast, and swear by a’ above,  
That to my latest draught o’ life the band shall ne’er remuove;  
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.”

The following, too, is very sprightly:—

“There’s nought but care on every han’,  
In every hour that passes, O!  
What signifies the life o’ man  
An’ ’twere na for the lasses, O?”

Green grow the rashes, O!  
 Green grow the rashes, O!  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O!"

"Yes, it's pretty," says a man of analysis and synthesis; "but what has the chorus to do with the song, 'Green grow the Rashes?' I do not see the connection." Probably not, and this is owing to a peculiar mental aberration. Suppose we enlighten the eyes of his understanding? Well, we will. It is a rule in mental philosophy that one idea follows another, according to the law of association; Burns' mind, no doubt, when he wrote this song, reverted back to past seasons and delights, for he says—

"Gie me a canny hour at e'en  
 My arms about my dearie, O!"

and here we approach a solution of the difficulty—our poet, like a modest, diffident young man, would blush to obtrude his amorous enjoyments before the public gaze; and so they retired, he and the object of his love, to some shady jungle. A very shallow acquaintance with botany will enable the reader to perceive that the plant under consideration luxuriates in such situations, and hence the ejaculation. The poet with a heart warmed by the kindling embrace, encloses even the inferior creation within the grasp of his sympathies—his pent-up feelings burst out in chorus—"Green grow the rashes, O!"

What do you think of the following song?

"My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len',  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?"

or to that beginning—

"What can a young lassie?"

"Why," you say, "there is such a semi-comic tinge about them, that one scarcely knows whether to laugh or look sorrowful—to sympathise with the heroines or smile at their weakness. Every one, however, must admire the beautiful simplicity which pervades the lyrics." I think they must. This is a point upon which I should like to say something, for it is bound up with the general question of poetry; bear with me if I speak strongly. Simplicity is sensibility's pure, native language, and in days to come we shall have more of it in the poetry of the times; the language of our lyrics will be more like the overflowings of brave, honest, loving hearts in every-day life; not so mechanical, and prim, and pretty, but speaking great and holy truths in simple, homely phrase. I am glad to perceive that the world is changing its opinions about poetry. We have too long confounded the language of the heart with stilted conventionality or worse declamation. People never were designed to play such antics as we find in verses, and they never do. Nothing will stop the unmeaning jingle which a host of Malvinas and Georgianas crowd into our periodicals but a truer appreciation of poetry. If these ladies, instead of stringing together epithets about "azure skies" and "pearly tears," would wait until a real truth was not only imagined, but felt, and which, perhaps, the heart was silently nurturing in adversity, men and women would have something to thank them for. My sweet little dears, poetry is not to be manufactured on the same principle as crochet-work. Wait, then, until some ebullition of grief or joyous feeling would gush forth from the heart, and then, above all things, speak plain. A simple picture, or a breathing line, often produces more effect than a whole page of interjections and notes of exclamation. Our strongest emotions are generally the quietest, and there are sorrows that "do lie too deep for tears."

Now, one would think what arises as the spontaneous language of emotion would incite instantly and always a corresponding reciprocity in the reader. But this is not always the case; poetry, like all other things, is affected in its develop-



ment by prejudice and preconceived opinion. The rhyming world has generally shown itself very jealous for the honour of classic precedents; hence when Wordsworth first issued his beautifully-simple lyrical pieces, the critics received them with an obstreperous burst of derision. But they laughed too soon; simple unsophisticated men are often better judges of true pathos than the bookmen; and now, perhaps, there is no part of Mr. Wordsworth's writings more read and appreciated than his ballads. Look at the little poem, "We are seven," which, as De Quincey well said, "brings into day, for the first time, a profound fact in the abysses of human nature—namely, that the mind of an infant cannot admit the idea of death any more than the fountain of light can comprehend the aboriginal darkness."

I am not surprised that so many readers feel a pleasure in biography, for there they see, as in a mirror, the reflex of themselves. Who, while studying human character in all its phases, has not been impressed with the conviction that mankind are one? Look at this question seriously, for it is not only a beautiful hypothesis, but an irresistible truth. Have not all a common interest in each individual experience? Are not human sympathies and impulses, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, the common property of man? Yes, we are one; social and moral ties cement us together; soul re-acts on soul, alternately evolving and imbibing particles of each other's essence. And yet, it will be said, this mighty mechanism of man is a complex thing. So it is, but there is variety in unity. The parts may be various, the movements diverse, there may even be incongruity, opposition, disorder; but still there is no isolation, no independent action, each part influences and re-acts upon every other part—they are combined. And yet of the many thousands who read biography, particularly such as an author develops in his writings, how few look through the external glitter to that deep inner portraiture stamped on the heart. We should read to learn a lesson of practical wisdom. "Ay, but," says one, "where shall we find it?—in a tale—in a jest—in light narrative—in such namby-pamby rubbish as is continually pouring from the press?" Oh, yes, everywhere; even follies are not without their use if they lead men to reflection. But those are the odds and ends of human character; we have noble imperishable phases in the writings of the gifted. These are our true beacons, our bright exemplars; here we learn how common humanity exalted by genius thinks and feels in every circumstance of life. And here I contend that nowhere shall we find a wider scope than amongst our great national bards. What amplitude of character; what a variety of circumstances! There are some who seem ever to bask on the sunny side of life, others grow up within the gloom. Some make a Paradise all around them, evolving everywhere the genial influences of the heart; others, morbid, misanthropic themselves, scarcely ever come across a joy without corroding it. Some revel *con amore* among the bright things God has given us; others unclothe the deep dark abysses of crime, and find a strange pleasure in stirring up the dregs of humanity and feasting their eyes on the miseries of the world. Some, without chart or compass, launch themselves on the vortex in a sea of troubles, with no other object apparently than the maddening excitement of combating the angry surge. Some are hasty, jealous, resentful; others patient, mild, forgiving, and, like a beautiful flower, when crushed and trampled upon, will still yield a sweet perfume. But to resume our analysis, what does Burns teach? A lesson of stern manly independence. It shone through his entire history—it breathes in all his writings. Burns from an early age gave his mind to learn great social and practical lessons. He looked at himself, his condition in life, and the relative positions of mankind. Calm thoughtful reflection on these questions provoked much of his honest indignation. Mankind he estimated according to their moral and intellectual worth; wealth, rank, condition, were to him mere external trappings. With these principles he turned his thoughts inwards. He tested his own powers—weighed himself accurately—and saw he had genius, and, with mental power, a heart full of benevolence—sympathies broad and

kind. This conviction preserved him independent, and promoted a steady and dignified self-respect. But he was poor. That might be his misfortune, it was not his fault. To scorn and despise such is not only injustice to man but an implied censure to the God who made him thus. Burns, however, did not estimate men by the length of their domains; and like an honest man of genius, he never cowered before the purse-proud's gaze.

"Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that," &c.

Would that every poor but honest man was baptized with a similar spirit! the distinctions among men would then arise from something better than uncertain riches. Animated by these principles, no wonder as Burns looked abroad upon the world his heart recoiled within him. He felt, because he experienced the evils of society; and he has recorded many a bitter but honest burst of indignation—

"See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile;  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil—

Oh! that line—it is stinging.

And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn;  
Unmindful though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.  
If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,  
By Nature's law design'd;  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty and scorn?  
Or why has man the will and power  
To make his fellow mourn?"

And yet Burns has been censured for the very qualities we are admiring. I do not wonder at it. A dry musty pedant sits down comfortably to write a critique. What sympathy can he have with the strong impulsive nature of our poet? None whatever. Yet he is a man of great circumspection, and reasons thus—"It is perfectly right to enter our solemn protest against everything mean, and servile, and base, but while we are firm we should be prudent. Burns' violent outbursts of indignation are very injudicious. The world sneers and says "This is mere braggadocio, the fanfaronade of independence. But, further, Burns by this foolish boasting shows very little respect for the feelings of his patrons. To the public who read his works it is ungenerous; to the rich and great, who deigned to stoop from their exalted position and notice the humble ploughman, it is uncourteous; while to his personal friends, those who were his greatest benefactors, it is both ungrateful and unjust." All this and more has been said against the memory of Burns; but it is a base libel. Where shall we look for more devoted attachment, more tender remembrances, than are to be found in his poetic epistles? And yet, for all this, Burns was as little encumbered as most men living by obligation. One would scarcely think so to hear his own confession,—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride  
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;  
 The monarch may forget the crown  
 That on his head an hour has been;  
 The mother may forget the child  
 That smiles sac sweetly on her knee,—  
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
 And a' that thou hast done done fa' me."

What was it that the noble earl, the Dukes of Gordon and Athol, Earl Buchan, or any other of his aristocratic friends and patrons did for Burns? They invited him occasionally to their houses, and, may be, praised his poems, or spoke a word of encouragement to the honest bard; but further than an occasional seat at the dinner-table, and a glass of wine, he received nothing from their patronage, except once—the Earl of Eglinton sent ten guineas for a few copies of his poems, which sum Burns would have reduced to the price of the volumes and returned the balance, had it not appeared invidious. I mention these things not to censure the patrons alluded to; they did all that Burns required, and probably as much as he would have submitted to receive, only let not anybody run away with the idea that, with a strong spirit of independence, our poet was secretly participating in the great man's bounty.

Another class of critics find fault with Burns' high-toned independency of spirit, not because it was an injustice to the public but an injury to himself; and here I am free to confess their strictures are not without truth. Burns' repugnance toward incurring obligation amounted almost to a disease; and no doubt stood greatly in the way of his private and pecuniary interests. He obstinately refused all remuneration for his valuable contributions, or participation of profits in works which his genius alone rendered productive. It was in 1792, when Burns had attained the zenith of his fame, that Mr. G. Thompson and one or two others projected a complete edition of national Scottish airs. Such a publication was justly felt to be a want of the times. An obstacle, however, presented itself,—the music was everything that could be desired, but the old words were for the most part commonplace, and often contemptible. To secure a collection of lyrical pieces worthy the airs, Mr. Thompson wrote to Burns, imploring aid in the undertaking. He proceeds—"We will esteem your poetical assistance a particular favour, besides paying any reasonable price you shall please to demand for it. Profit is quite a secondary consideration with us, and we are resolved to spare neither pains nor expense on the publication." Burns' true character shines forth in his reply:—

"SIR,—I have just this moment got your letter. As the request you make will positively add to my enjoyments in complying with it, I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have, strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm. [Then after a few remarks upon the nature and duties of the undertaking, he concludes:] As to any remuneration, you may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, &c., would be downright prostitution of soul!"

Some time after this, when our bard had enriched the collection with some of the finest songs in the language, we find Mr. Thompson thus addressing him—"I cannot express how much I am obliged to you for the exquisite new songs you are sending me; but thanks, my friend, are a poor return for what you have done, as I shall be benefited by the publication, you must suffer me to enclose a small mark of my gratitude, and to repeat it afterwards when I find it convenient. Do not return it, for by Heaven if you do our correspondence is at an end; and though this would be no loss to you, it would mar the publication, which, under your auspices, cannot fail to be respectable and interesting." The reader will anticipate the character of Burns' reply. "I assure you, my

dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but as to any more traffic of that debtor-and-creditor kind, I swear by that honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns' integrity, on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you. Burns' character for generosity of sentiment and independence of mind will, I trust, long outlive any of his wants which the cold unfeeling ore can supply; at least, I will take care that such a character he shall deserve."

Like other men of plain speech, our poet did not escape scot-free of the base and domineering in power. At one time he was very near losing the support of his family from a manly avowal of his sentiments. It was while plodding his humble calling as gauger or exciseman that the stirring events took place which ushered in the French Revolution. Burns, like many other ardent hopeful minds, welcomed the shadow with high expectation. It was a pleasant dream for the poet to picture the spur to genius, the reward of merit, peace and prosperity, with an honest aspiring people liberated from the fangs of a sordid and debased oligarchy. He saw, or thought he saw, a crushed, toilworn, despised people rising into men, and sharing the comforts as well as the hardships of God's good world; and he might say to France, although she did not hear him, "Courage, brothers; plant your foot firmly on the neck of your oppressors." Such an ebullition might be pardoned for the noble enthusiasm which inspired it, springing as it did from a feeling of humanity—a sense of justice—a burning hatred of wrong; but it was not. There were persons malicious enough to report his unguarded expressions, doubtless with much exaggeration, to the Commissioners of Excise; and, had it not been for the intervention of one or two powerful friends, he would have been dismissed from his office. As it was he was narrowly watched, threatened, and given to understand that his promotion was not only deferred, but made contingent upon his future conduct. To add to his chagrin the rumour spread that Burns was already dismissed; when one gentleman proposed a subscription to relieve his wants; others said he conciliated the Board by a weak and unmanly recantation. It is true he appealed to the Commissioners, but it was to justify his conduct, not to compromise his principles and eat his words, although he could not withhold the bitter reflection that his enemies might say he did. The state of his mind under these circumstances may be gathered from a letter which he addressed to the gentleman who had generously proposed the subscription:—"The partiality of my countrymen has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children, have pointed out my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind. In your illustrious hand, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but—I will say it! the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase; and his independent British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue."

Burns was hopeful, genial-hearted. Although he found so many more sorrows in the world than joys, bitterness does not preponderate in his writings.

When first he sits down to write, the impression will strike you at times that there is something like misanthropy curdling round his heart; but this is soon dissipated, and then breathes a nobler spirit of self-reliance, and hope and trust.

"It's hardly in a body's power  
To keep at times fra being sour,  
To see how things are shared.  
How best o' chieels are whiles in want,  
While coofs on countless thousands rant,  
An' ken na how to wait.  
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,  
Tho' we hae little gear;  
We're fit to win our daily bread,  
As lang's we're hale and fier;  
'Mair speir na', nor fear na',  
Auld age ne'er mind a feg;  
The last o't, the warst o't,  
Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,  
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,  
Is doubtless great distress.  
Yet then content could make us blest;  
E'en then sometimes we'd snatch a taste  
Of truest happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*  
What though like commoners of air,  
We wander out we know not where,  
But either house or hall?  
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,  
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,  
Are free alike to all.

\* \* \* \* \*  
It's no in titles nor in rank;  
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,  
To purchase peace and rest;  
It's no in making muckle mair;  
It's no in books; its no in lear,  
To make us truly blest.  
If happiness hae not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest;  
Nae treasures nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang;  
The heart aye's the part aye,  
That makes us right or wrang.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,  
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,  
By pining at our state;  
And, even should misfortunes come,  
I here wha sit, hae met wi' some,  
An's thankfu' for them yet.  
They gie the wit of age to youth;  
They let us ken oursel';  
They make us see the naked truth,  
The real guid and ill.

Though losses and crosses,  
 Be lessons right severe;  
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,  
 Ye'll find nae other where."

Burns loved the Muse, and no wonder, for to her he owed not a few of his excellences, and most of his pleasures. Do they not err who say

The poet's life exhales itself in dreams  
 Blending with sorrow ?

They do egregiously. To men constituted like Burns, the great charm of existence lives in self-communion. Dreaming is it? Well, call it what you like, if only it adds another virtue and a few more comforts to the lot of humanity. The atmosphere of the world is too dense to live in always; it checks the pure flow of spiritual feeling, and makes the heart callous. Yes, it is necessary sometimes to retire from the hubbub of external things, and let the soul teach us lessons of wisdom, silently and in secret. In this way the purest pleasures and the noblest purposes are originated; and our bard, amid all his cares and crosses, had his share of both. We have a true page of his experience presented in "The Vision," a beautiful poem, although commencing, like many of the rest, in dependency. How graphically he describes his evening solitude—

"There, lanely by the ingle-check  
 I sat, and eyed the spewing reek."

He muses upon his condition, poor, lonely, unfriended; how much better it would be for him to cultivate his land and save money, than wasting his energies spinning rhymes. In the midst of this silent, but dejected reverie, the door opens, and in glides a female figure—"A tight outlandish hizzie—" magnificently attired—

"Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs  
 Were twisted graceful round her brows;  
 I took her for some Scottish muse,  
 By that same token."

And so indeed she was, Coila her name, and she "held ruling power—"

"On rustic bard;  
 Careful to note each op'ning grace,  
 A guide and guard."

She tells him—

"With future hope I oft would gaze  
 Fond on thy little early ways,  
 Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,  
 In uncouth rhymes;  
 Fired at the simple, artless lays  
 Of other times."

'And when the deep-green mantled earth  
 Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,  
 And joy and music pouring forth  
 In ev'ry grove;  
 I saw thee eye the general mirth  
 With boundless love."

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
 Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,  
 Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,  
 By Passion driven;  
 But yet the light that led astray  
 Was light from Heaven."



'I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
Thy fame extends ;  
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,  
Become thy friends.

'Then never murmur nor repine ;  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;  
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,  
Nor kings' regard,  
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine—  
A rustic bard.

'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,  
And bound the holly round my head ;  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
Did rustling play ;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away."

Much has been said about the follies and excesses of our poet, and still more about the indelicacy which is to be found in his works. A word or two on the latter charge first. I know there are in some of Burns' writings many foul words, but the coarseness and vulgarity is confined to the expression ; the sentiment is noble, often elevated, but never polluted. These defects may frequently offend ears polite, but did they ever corrupt anybody ? Not one. No, it is your smooth-tongued men that do the mischief ; those who dress up vice in the garb of virtue ; who charm and fascinate but to ensnare. Burns was a plain blunt man, and his daily lot was cast amongst a class not remarkable for refinement ; it is no wonder, therefore, that this freedom of expression should occasionally manifest itself even in his poetic effusions. Let us now turn for a minute or two from his writings to the man.

The cynic of stereotyped morality employs much rhetoric to convince us that had Burns been a better, he would have been a happier man. It is so easy, and pleasant withal, to lecture upon others. "While there are circumstances over which we have little control, most of our troubles are made by ourselves ; and Burns, if he had had more virtue and less *deboucherie*, he, too, would have mellowed his own path." We do not contend for the poet as a model of perfection ; those who love him most could weep at the remembrance of his follies. To himself they were frequently a source of bitter reflection ; he did not conceal or palliate them even before his Maker. Witness his plaintive confession :—

"Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong ;  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong."

And in his prayer, in "The Prospect of Death,"—

"Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence !'  
Fain promise never more to disobey ;  
But should my Author health again dispense,  
Again I might desert fair Virtue's sway ;  
Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;  
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,  
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?  
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?"

We should like to throw a veil over the closing period of Burns' life, for it is marked by suffering and sin. From the time of that unhappy collision with

the excise, his habits became more irregular, while his health began rapidly to decline. He drank to drown reflection, and now, as one by one his rich patrons disowned him, he plunged deeper in vice, and chose for his companions some of the lowest and most dissipated of our race. Then came poverty like an armed man; and his sufferings must have been keen or he never would have been impelled to write that letter to Mr. Thompson—"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel \* \* \* of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into gaol. Do, for God's sake! send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive this earnestness, but the horrors of a gaol have made me half-distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for upon returning health I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song genius you have seen." Perhaps he little thought at the time that in ten days those songs would give place to a funeral dirge. It is a sad, a solemn thing, is death under any circumstances, for we then learn around how many hallowed objects and associations the tendrils of sympathy are bound. There is such a dreariness in the sound of that final farewell. "I shall look round this room once more," the dying soul says,—*"I shall just look round this room once more, and then all will vanish for ever. That sun which shines so brightly, which has cheered me so often, will gleam a moment longer; and then I shall be totally insensible to its influence. And those dearest of all ties, the ties of kin—my family, who have solaced affliction by their sympathy and care, I shall just trace the lineaments of their features once more, and catch the sound of their sobbing, and then I shall die."* The bitterness our poet felt in death was not alone that those tender associations were being sundered, but that he was leaving a family, of whom he was always passionately fond, to struggle behind with hardship and poverty. This, more than all besides, embittered his closing hours. Happily for them those fears have not been realised. An awakened public made up in generosity to his family what they owed to the bard; his sons are now all of them in a respectable position, and justly proud of their lineage.

## PENCILLINGS OF POESY.

By FANNY E. LACY.

TIME hath waken'd many a rose,  
To greet the summer sun,  
Since on thy bosom to repose,  
For thee I gathered one;  
And though its beauty soon did fade,  
As doth earth's sweetest flower,  
The tree still lives, mine own dear maid,  
Within the self same bower.

And, lo! the rose I offer now,  
Type of my faithful heart,  
Owneth the life and lively glow  
As that when we did part;  
It is the *same*—ah, doubt it not,  
For memory is the tree;  
And the flower by other eyes forgot  
Still blooms for thee and me.

## THE IVY.

By MRS. A. J. HIPPISELEY.

"A brave old plant is the ivy green."

FLORA bestows many gayer and more attractive gifts, but none so lastingly beautiful, or so fertile in association as the ivy.

The more delicate and brilliant beauties which deck the earth with iris hues require much care and culture, in this, our northern clime, to bring them to perfection, the first chill wind or frosty sky spoils them of their loveliness, and if the hand which tends them be wanting, their blooming petals wither, fade, and die.

The dark, glossy leaves of the ivy glisten joyously in the summer sun; they murmur soothingly as they whisper to the autumn wind, and shrink not beneath the bitter blasts of winter.

It clings alike to the baronial mansion and the lowly cot—the time-hallowed fane and the halls of feudal power are equally encircled by its wandering tendrils. It forces its verdure over the hardest stone, and sustains life amid ruin. Its cheerful green is spread around when "barren nature grieves," and though tower and turret may be sinking to decay, it deserts them not, but wreaths itself more closely around the mouldering remnants, aiding them to brave the tempest's hour.

Long after the tenants of some once-blessed home have passed from this busy scene the ivy creeps over the desolate hearth, it lingers to the last about the fabric where it flourished, as if to preserve the memory of by-gone days, and the "still small moan of Time" wails through its shadowy branches, breathing the language of another sphere.

It clusters in festoons of eternal hue over walls where the banners of knight-hood once flung their "proud drapery," and which in other days resounded with "bugle notes to battle rung," or echoed to the minstrel's strain, as with a skilful hand he woke the "deep lyre's silvery string."

It twines round the casement from whence—

"Unto her lover waved the scarf of ladye fair,"

and flourishes in wild profusion over the grey portal, and many a gorgeous pageant has it looked upon as, in days gone by, bebies of courtly dames and "barons bold" issued from beneath the massive archway, in goodly array, but which is now—

"A place of ivy darkly green,  
Where laughter's light is o'er."

Many a happy scene does it witness as it looks in at the window of the wood-embowered dwelling, where love and joy have linked one kindred band.

It throws its long wavy arms around the time-worn spire, "through storm and summer air," and from thence looks down upon the nuptial train and the procession of death.

It mingles with the glowing rose in the bowers of "pleasaunce" which fairy hands have dressed; it is garlanded with incense-breathing flowers to crown the banquet, when the gay laugh and festal song echo from the "ringing halls of mirth,"

"Where gems are glittering and bright wine is poured,"

and its leaves so darkly green weave themselves into a chaplet for the tomb which marks the narrow dwelling of the dreamless sleeper—

"Where'er by some forsaken grave,  
Some nameless green-sward heap,  
A bird may sing, a wild flower wave,  
A star its vigil keep."

Well may the abiding, all-enduring ivy be called the friendly plant, and well may friendship be termed the "ivy of the soul;" it clings around the worn and weary heart, deserting it not at its utmost need, and throws a mystic charm over the pilgrim as he wends his toilsome way across life's dreary moor, participating in every joy and sorrow.

As the ivy entwines itself about the scathed tree, and adheres to the mouldering ruin, so friendship clasps itself around its object changeless alike by time or circumstance, it binds spirit to kindred spirit,—abiding in freshness to the last, it mingles its leaves with the bright blossoms of love and hope, entwined

"Like tendrils, which the wind  
May wave, but never can unlink!"

weaving an amaranthine wreath to bloom anew in the land beyond the grave.

## A MEETING.

By MRS. PONSONBY.

FRIEND, dost thou remember

A happy time gone by,  
When we through field and forest  
On summer days would hie?  
Oh! sultry was each summer day,  
Cool was the verdant shade;  
Too swift those moments fled away,  
Too long their memory staid.

Thou and I were fond companions  
That brief and blessed time—  
Oh! briefer than the blushes  
Of morning's rosy prime;  
Oh! brief as love's full rapture,  
Brief as love's happy tears,  
Yet as first love remembered,  
Through all the future years.

And now we meet again, my friend,  
Changed as all things must change,  
With lines of thought upon our brows,  
And smiles whose mirth is strange.  
Oh! mournfully and wistfully  
I look into thine eyes,  
And sad as are my questionings,  
More sad thy mute replies.

I do not ask thy secret,—  
Too eloquently speak  
The sadness of thy quiet brow,  
The paleness of thy cheek,—

The gloom within those dark, deep eyes,  
And on the waving hair  
The snow that all too early lies,  
'Mid locks so darkly rare.

Nor will I grieve thy spirit  
By mourning o'er a past  
Lit with a bright, wild rapture—  
A dream that could not last.  
Enough!—that dream is over,  
And to life's desert shore  
For me those radiant waters roll  
Their golden waves no more.

And parting, as we did, too soon,—  
Only to meet too late,  
Seems not this union long delayed  
Part of our wayward fate? [brow  
Thus—thus to meet, with breast and  
Chilled to untimely age,  
And faint with heavy burdens borne  
In separate pilgrimage.

I can but hold thy hand in mine,  
And gaze upon thy face,  
And think how quenched the early light  
On each dim, altered trace.  
Ah! those were happy days,  
Yet were they ours in vain!  
Too fondly we remember all  
We ne'er can know again.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

# THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

### CHARLES II.

AFTER the demise of Cromwell, the guiding genius of the Commonwealth, peace and order were exchanged for discord and anarchy, and the stern virtues of republicanism for the libertine excesses of the royalists. The knell of the protectorate was the signal for the revival of a monarchy; the deposition of Richard Cromwell placed the sceptre within the power of the long-exiled descendant of the Stuart sovereign. The people had become dissatisfied with the republican government; they thought any change would be preferable to the domination of the Council of Officers, and the body which was ignominiously termed the Rump Parliament, and with anxious suspense they lingered about the head quarters of General Monk and his army, vaguely speculating whether that profound hypocrite would assume the exalted position sustained by the late protector, or whether he would declare monarchy to be invested in Prince Charles, and bear him in triumph to the deserted halls of his ancestors. When all doubt in regard to Monk's intentions had subsided, and when the immediate prospect of being once more subjected to the old *régime* floated before the fevered imagination of the populace, nothing could equal the public joy, nothing could equal the genuine outbursts of feeling which pervaded the whole of the king's dominions. Alas! was it possible that the same people who admired the Republic, who respected—nay, who idolised the chief of the Commonwealth, should have so rapidly transferred their allegiance to the son of he whom they had charged with destroying their liberties, and ruling them with a despotic arm?—he whom they had consigned to the scaffold, and branded with the name of traitor and murderer? Verily they were the same. Had a brilliant succession of Cromwells swayed the imperial sceptre, they would still have been discontented, and would have longed for a return to a monarchical system, though the representatives of that system had been steeped in vice, and clothed with despotism. They thought Charles II. must necessarily be free from the faults of Charles I., and that the sad scenes through which the former had passed would teach the latter to avoid the rocks on which his father was wrecked. Whether the example of the one exerted a beneficial influence on the other is a question which, though it has long been settled, we shall have an opportunity of illustrating in the course of our observations on the life of Charles II.

The youthful days of this prince were passed amidst the luxuries of the English court, under the guardianship of Henrietta and her royal consort, Charles I. At the period of his birth (29th of May, 1630) rebellion and republicanism had not invaded the palace at Whitehall, nor had the civil wars disturbed the public peace, and compelled the unfortunate monarch to draw the sword in defence of his supposed rights and cherished privileges. But with the lapse of time the young prince was early initiated into the opinions by which the court was then swayed, and almost unconsciously became an actor in the scenes which marked the closing years of his father's life. When the execution of the latter deprived the people of their sovereign, Charles Stuart assumed the royal title, which was recognised in Scotland more generally than in his southern dominions. The Scots, as if to efface the stigma that rested upon their nation, for delivering his father into the hands of his avowed enemies, evinced an eager

zeal in the advocacy of the young monarch's cause; with royal honours they welcomed his approach, and sealed their allegiance by crowning him at Scone, on the 1st day of January, 1651. This intelligence, however, rapidly flew to London, and Cromwell, with his victorious Puritan forces, was dispatched to the north, to bring that kingdom to subjection. The well-known contempt that Oliver entertained towards the Scots, together with the superiority of his abilities, and the faithful services of his army, crowned his progress with flattering success; but while he was effectually asserting the supremacy of the Parliament, Charles led his followers into England, and with more bravery than prudence resolved to fight his way to the capital. This unexpected invasion excited general alarm: "both the city and the country were all amazed, doubtful of their own and the Commonwealth's safety; some could not hide very pale and unmanly fears, and were in such distraction of spirit as much disturbed their counsels."\* Even Cromwell did not escape suspicion, for the same writer says, "some raged and uttered sad discontents against him;" "and suspicious of his fidelity, they all considering that Cromwell was behind to suffer the enemy to enter here, where there was no army to encounter him." Though the general might have been a little remiss in allowing the prince to march out of Scotland unmolested and unobserved, he rapidly followed the track of the royal army, and notwithstanding "as stiff a contest for four or five hours as ever he had seen," he routed Charles's forces at Worcester (3rd September, 1651), the anniversary of the day on which he had won the battle of Dunbar. It is rather amusing to read his official letter, announcing the latter victory, in one part of which he says—"the enemy having those advantages, we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith (wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand), that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were on the mount, and on the mount the Lord would be seen." Such language as this, strongly savouring of scriptural expressions, has naturally provoked the laughter as well as the contempt of those who do not penetrate beneath the surface of things; but the peculiarity of this diction ceases to excite either wonder or disgust, when we remember that the Puritans employed no other language, and that they copied the phraseology of a book of the deepest import, and of the highest authority.

The memorable defeat which Charles thus sustained ruined the bright hopes that he had entertained of immediately mounting the throne of his murdered father. It was with the utmost difficulty that he escaped from the fatal field; for such was the vigilance of Cromwell that the prince, rather than hazard his own life by leading his ill-disciplined army back to Scotland, left it in the night, and concealed himself in a wood on the borders of Staffordshire. Fatigue and disappointment so fully overcame the danger of the situation, that he slept soundly until roused by his only attendant, a gentleman of the name of Careless, who advised the king to take shelter in a neighbouring oak, where the two wandering outcasts remained the whole of the day. When the approach of night screened them from their pursuers they left their rustic refuge, and went to the cottage of a labouring man, who conducted Charles to a little barn, and there with bread and buttermilk for his subsistence (and thankful was he even for such humble fare), and plenty of hay for his bed, he continued two days and two nights. The fidelity and attention of Careless (whose name was truly a misnomer) provided him with a guide, by whom he was led to another place of safety. His appearance was such as to excite little suspicion; his hair was cut short, and the colour of his face was darkened by the stain of walnut leaves, and with the aid of a rough thorn stick he travelled during the night-time from cottage to cottage, protected by the devotion of the poor people with whom he lodged. But the most peculiar part of his aspect was his dress, which is de-

\* Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs.



scribed in a tract published about that period in these words:—"He had on a white steeple-crowned hat, without any other lining besides grease, both sides of the brim so doubled up with handling that they looked like two water-spouts; a leather doublet full of holes, and almost black with grease about the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodman's coat, threadbare, and patched in most places, with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the *slops* hanging down to the middle of the leg; hose and shoes of different parishes; the hose were grey stirrups, much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel stockings of his own, the tops of them cut off; his shoes had been cobbled, being pierced both in the soles and seams, and the upper leathers so cut and slashed to fit them to his feet that they were quite unfit to befriend him either from the water or dirt." These said shoes, it is said, much pinched his majesty, and in travelling across hedges and ditches, and on rough country paths, were of so little use to him that he threw them off, and walked almost barefooted. With the lapse of every day, however, it became more evident that Charles could not remain in England in safety; the parliamentary reward offered for his capture prevented some from sheltering him who, under other circumstances, might have done so; and with poverty and hostility surrounding him on every hand, he resolved to make for the sea coast, and embark for France. But he was not absolutely deserted; a few trusty friends lingered near his perilous path, and others generously came forward to conduct him to some maritime town. At the house of a Mr. Lane, a magistrate in Staffordshire, he rested some time, whose daughter he accompanied on horseback to Bristol, passing under the name of William, from whence he went to Lyme, in Dorsetshire, where a vessel had been engaged to carry him to the Continent. Some delay, however, occurred, and the prince had scarcely left the inn when it was entered by those who were in search for him, their suspicions having been excited by the smith who casually looked at his horse's feet declaring that he must have come a long journey, as his shoes had been made in four different counties. He soon afterwards eluded the vigilance of his enemies, and embarked at Brighton in the month of November, 1651. It is said that he spent three weeks in London disguised in female attire, but there is some reason for doubting the truth of this statement, especially as he could have accomplished nothing by such a movement, while he would have exposed himself to imminent risks of being recognised.

During this chequered period of his life Charles behaved in such a manner as to carry with him the affection as well as the good wishes of a large number of the poorer classes. The condescension of great men is always flattering, and in the present case his gaiety and affability, coupled with the misfortunes from which he was suffering, called forth the respect, the sympathy, and the admiration of many who were proud to espouse his cause, and rank themselves among his friends. Their fidelity was severely tested, but seldom failed; they sheltered him while he was an outcast, and they welcomed his accession with unmingled feelings of joy; they overlooked his faults, not because they were few, but because they commiserated his misfortunes.

The period of his exile was spent in a manner which reflected little credit upon his character. Morality was unknown to him—gaiety and love of pleasure were the distinguishing features of his court—his amusements rendered him nearly incapable of study; he bore his losses with the utmost indifference, and evinced anxiety only when his financial difficulties threatened to limit the gratification of his passions. Indeed, so little did he at this time aspire to wear the crown of his ancestors, that Burnet says it was a common opinion that "if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title" to the English throne. Such conduct was calculated to lower his character in the estimation of the European powers: he and his court were despised by all excepting Clarendon and one or two others, who loved royalty and the Stuarts, however disgraced and however unworthy of notice. His affairs were in a most

deplorable state towards the close of the protector's reign, the power and fear of which had led the French monarch to preserve a strict neutrality in regard to the exiled Charles. Fortunately for the latter, but *perhaps* unfortunately for this country, Cromwell's death, combined with the public feeling in favour of a king, displayed the future to him with a flattering aspect. Already he could see floating before him visions of greatness, the full power of indulging his passions, and of drowning the recollection of his troubles in licentiousness and ribald enjoyment. When the fact of his recall was certain, the policy of the foreign courts was changed; those which had before treated him with coldness, bordering on hostility, were the warmest in their congratulations—the most pressing in their offers of service. He was no longer the neglected exile, or the forsaken descendant of the Stuarts; he was the sovereign of a powerful kingdom, and the recipient of unbounded homage. He was surrounded or assailed in his little court, at Breda, “by a miscellaneous crowd of individuals from England—Presbyterian ministers, to prefer their services to his father and himself; Church of England divines, to plead their sufferings; Roman Catholics, to solicit a toleration; political partisans, who were in a situation to require pardon, or to expect preferment. Most of those parties sought to prove their merit, and obtain their ends, by secret offers of money to the king. The venal spirit of the Restoration, and the personal corruption of Charles and his court, began thus early.”\*

The resumption of royalty in the person of the prince, whose father they had consigned to the scaffold, filled the people with wild, frantic delight; nothing could exceed the manifestations of their joy. “God bless King Charles!” “Long live King Charles!” were echoed by thousands—bonfires blazed in the streets, the bells of every church rang merrily, wine was distributed with lavish prodigality; the people rent the air with exclamations, and gave licence to every species of pleasure. The commissioners who were dispatched to Holland to accompany the prince to his dominions, addressed him in a strain full of servility and gross flattery. Such words as these, one would have thought, should have been buried with the corpse of James, and not exhumed on Charles's accession:—“Dread sovereign, your faithful subjects, the Commons of England, have sent us hither, twelve of their number, and we are here prostrate at your royal feet, where themselves are, all of them here present with us, in the sincere affection and desires of their hearts.” Such language does not seem very applicable to a monarch who, in his licentious retirement at Cologne, complained of the want of good fiddlers, and of some one capable of teaching himself and his court the new dances! In his progress from Dover, where he landed on the 25th of May, 1660, to the Metropolis, the public manifestation of joy was unbounded. The royalist John Evelyn has left the following record of the event:—“29th May. This day his Majesty, Charles II., came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering, both of the king and church, being seventeen yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 3,000 horse and foote brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapisry, fountains running with wine, the maior, aldermen, and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, myriads of people, flocking even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the city, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.” The manner in which Charles reciprocated these joyous feelings exhibited his character in a more favourable light than was evinced in his subsequent actions, the nature of which was frequently harsh and bordering upon cruelty. The memorable day, however, when he was restored to the rights and honours of his ancestors, terminated in tranquillity,

and the exiled descendant of the Stuarts once more rested in the palace at Westminster.

The conditions upon which Charles was elevated to the throne were liberal in the extreme; no restrictions hampered his wishes—he was left free and unfettered. The nation were so blindly enthusiastic, and so stupefied with gladness, that they never thought of making any stipulations—they reposed implicit confidence in his good nature and the propriety of his intentions. This is the most singular feature connected with his accession; for not only did the people seem to have forgotten the important questions of regal prerogative which had led to the civil wars, but they silently acquiesced in the illiberal proceedings of the Parliament in regard to what was termed the settlement of religion. Verily the spirit of the republicans, those resplendent ornaments of the long parliament, was extinct, and little now remained but the representatives of bigotry and ignorance. It was only natural to suppose that the abettors of the execution of the first Charles would, at the accession of his son, be visited with a degree of punishment commensurate with their participation in the king's death, but, in opposition to the necessities of the times, the Indemnity Bill was passed without being of that comprehensive, liberal character which the public tranquillity would have sanctioned. In justice to Charles, however, it is right to mention that, had he followed his own feelings, there is reason to believe that at this period lenity would have greatly preponderated over severity, and mercy superseded rigour.

The first parliament was adjourned after a sitting of only seven months, not because it was refractory and intractable, but because the cabinet feared the members might on future occasions question the policy of their proceedings. Before they separated, the king expressed his gratification at their ready compliance with his wishes, and in one of his speeches he adverted with much good humour and candour to the financial state of his affairs. The passage to which we refer is as follows:—"I am so confident of your affections that I will not move you in anything that relates to myself; and yet I must tell you that I am not richer; that is, I have not so much money in my purse as when I came to you. The truth is, I have lived principally ever since upon what I brought with me, which was indeed your money; for you sent it to me, and I thank you for it. The weekly expense of the navy eats up all you have given me by the bill of tonnage and poundage. Nor have I been able to give my brothers one

• The well-known fidelity of a considerable party, designated the Cavaliers, to the sinking fortunes of the first Charles, was transferred in undiminished greatness to his son and successor. The early life of the latter, while a wanderer in the dominions that he afterwards governed, is replete with stirring incidents,—with noble specimens of disinterestedness and generosity. His name was never forgotten; at the social repast his health was pledged in the wine-cup, and at the public banquet the return of Prince Charles formed an important and absorbing topic of conversation. Many of our readers will no doubt recollect the following stanza, copied from "Woodstock," which were in those days as highly cherished by the Cavaliers as the national anthem is dear to the people of the present time. It is entitled "A Glee for King Charles:"

"Bring the bowl which you boast,

Fill it up to the brim;

'Tis to him we love most,

And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,

And avault, ye base carles!

Were there death in the cup,

Here's a health to King Charles!

"Though he wanders through dangers,

Unaided, unknown,

Dependent on strangers,

Estranged from his own;

"Though 'tis under our breath

Amidst forfaits and peril,

Here's to honour and faith,

And a health to King Charles!

"Let such honours abound

As the times can afford,

The knee on the ground,

And the hand on the sword;

But the time shall come round,

When 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,

The loud trumpets shall sound—

Here's a health to King Charles!"

shilling since I come into England, nor to keep any table in my house but what I eat at myself. And that which troubles me most is, to see many of you come to me at Whitehall, and to think you must go somewhere else to seek your dinner. I do not mention this to you as anything that troubles me: do but take care of the public, and for what is necessary for the peace and quiet of the kingdom, and take your own time for my own particular, which I am sure you will provide for with as much affection and frankness as I can desire." The familiarity with which he thus spoke of his pecuniary condition was not lost upon the Parliament, which at once resolved to increase the public revenue from £819,398 to £1,200,000 per annum. This amount, large as it then was, was merely applicable to the ordinary expenses of the government.

The king's coronation was celebrated 23rd of April, 1661, shortly after the Houses had been prorogued, and in a style of unequalled splendour and magnificence. The old custom of a procession from the Tower to Westminster was again observed, the imposing aspect of which was materially heightened by the rich attire of the aristocracy by whom he was attended. The noblemen and Knights of the Bath were habited in "mantles and surcoats of red taffeta, lined and edged with white sarsenet, and thereto fastened two long strings of white silk, with buttons and tassels of red silk and gold, and a pair of white gloves tied to them; a white hat and feathers." The streets were decorated in the most costly manner—triumphal arches and innumerable pageants added to the imposing character of the scene—the splendour of which extorted from the French the reluctant admission that even their pomps on the occasion "of the late marriage with the Infanta of Spain, and at their majesties' entrance into Paris, to be inferior in state, gallantry, and riches, to this most splendid cavalcade from the Tower." In connection with this event, we may appropriately refer to another: that of his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. Not only before, but since his accession, his amours had excited general scandal, the existence of which was regarded with merited disapproval by several members of his cabinet. Others winked at his excesses, and sought to lessen their enormity by committing vices of a more profligate nature. In the hope—a vain one, indeed—of arresting Charles's dissoluteness, an alliance was proposed and concluded with the Princess Catherine, with whose hand a noble dowry was promised. She arrived in her future dominions in the spring of 1662, and was welcomed by the king in person, who declared himself pleased with her conversation and person. A contemporary writer furnishes the following particulars:—"Upon the 21st of May the king married the queen at Portsmouth, in the presence chamber of his majesty's house. There was a rail across the upper part of the room, in which entered only the king and queen, the Bishop of London, the Marquis Desande, the Portuguese ambassador, and my husband (Lord Fanshawe); in the other part of the room there were many of the nobility and servants to their majesties. The Bishop of London declared them married in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and then they caused the ribbons her majesty wore to be cut in little pieces, and, as far as they would go, every one had some." The treatment which this unfortunate princess received from the unfaithful and licentious Charles is too well known to require any special reference on our part—the most cruel of all indignities was thrust upon her—she was brought into daily, nay hourly, contact with those to whom her husband evinced a strong and growing preference; while from her position and rank in the court she perceived that resistance would avail nothing, that submission was the only alternative.\*

\* It is rather amusing to read Charles's speech to the Parliament, on the subject of his alliance:—He says, "I have often been put in mind by my friends, that it was now high time to marry; and I have thought so myself ever since I came into England, but there appeared difficulties enough in the choice, though many overtures have been made to me; and if I should never marry till I could make such a choice against which there could be no foresight of any inconvenience that may arise, you would live to see me an

The next few years of his reign were marked by events of no trifling importance. The star of Clarendon was waning, the sun of the despicable council designated the *Cabal* was rapidly rising. Financial difficulties were the predominant feature of the times; large subsidies were granted by an obsequious Parliament, but never were sufficient to meet the extravagance of a licentious court. The sale of Dunkirk, while it served to replenish the royal coffers, cast an indelible disgrace upon the king's advisers, and formed one of a long list of accusations against Clarendon, the then prime minister. The nation, too, was at war with Holland; fierce and brilliant naval engagements chequered the annals of both the hostile parties, among whom there were some of the most distinguished commanders, as well in the English as in the Dutch squadrons. But the conduct of the war on the part of this country was sadly inefficient, and in no respect commensurate with the vast resources liberally granted to protect her commerce, and to vindicate her maritime supremacy. The calamities inseparable from the plague and the great fire of London completed this picture of national suffering, in the midst of which Charles followed with unabated recklessness the same licentious habits, the same dissipation, and the same vices that had already procured him such an unenviable notoriety. In Pepys' Diary the reader will find a host of statements, referring in detail to this subject; and which, though there is no reason to question their accuracy, exhibit a state of manners so opposite to every appearance of virtue, or even propriety, that we may be readily spared the task of repeating them. In one part, however, he gives an account of his majesty's amusements which will form a good specimen of what the orgies of this merry monarch generally consisted. "The king, with two or three of his boon companions, having arrived at Sir George Cartaret's house at Cranbourne, were there entertained, and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer did come to the king, and swore to him by God. 'Sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be.' 'Not I?' says the king, 'why so?' 'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.' 'Why let us,' says the king. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the king began to drink it—'nay, sir,' says Armerer, 'by God! you must do it on your knees.' So he did, and then all the company; and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another—the king the Duke of York—and the Duke of York the king; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day."

While Clarendon guided the public affairs there was a degree of ability and consistency in his policy palpably deficient in the administration of his successor. When he fell (1667), Charles lost his best counsellor, his most faithful statesman. He uniformly sought to lessen the follies of the court; and though guilty of governing on the principles of despotism rather than of enlightenment, yet he studied the public good on many important occasions. In vain we shall find in the actions of his successors such a display of talent, or of attention to the business of the state; such an absence from vices peculiar to the majority of the courtiers of that day, or of the existence of so much learning, as in the Earl of Clarendon.

On the disgrace of this historic member of the cabinet, his office and functions were discharged by men destitute of the ability and virtue by which he had risen to eminence. A few clever unprincipled courtiers swayed their sovereign and ruled the people. Hostilities still continued with Holland; the public exchequer was exhausted by wars and extravagance; the House of Commons, tired of granting subsidies, while Charles was tardy in acceding to their wishes,

old bachelor, which I think you do not desire to do. I can now tell you, not only that I am resolved to marry, but to whom I resolve I marry, if God please; and towards my resolution I have used that deliberation, and taken that advice, as I ought to do in an affair of that importance; and, trust me, with a full consideration of the good of my subjects in general, as of myself—it is with the daughter of Portugal."



at last evinced a degree of hesitation in sanctioning so large an expenditure, which extorted from him a promise that he would practise greater economy for the future. But a promise from this king was seldom observed, it was buried in oblivion almost as soon as it was uttered, and the sacredness of his word was a mere idle jest, never intended to be treated with respect. He knew that he had an obsequious ministry, whose aim was to render him an absolute ruler; he knew that the Parliament might be brought to sanction almost whatever he desired; and he very well knew that the recollection of the Republican government had led them to overlook the faults he had committed, simply because of their ignorant bias to royalty. In truth, the stern virtues of the Commonwealth seem at this time to have departed from the spot where once they had stood in dazzling splendour, and to have been buried with the chieftain to whose power they had contributed, and whose glory they had augmented. A melancholy spectacle was now presented in the government of England: corruption pervaded the Houses of Parliament, licentiousness reigned throughout the court, religious intolerance inflicted unmitigated sufferings upon the nation, and lastly, Charles was a pensioner of the King of France.\* A more humiliating circumstance could scarcely be connected with any sovereign. He stands alone, a reproach to himself, a stain upon the name of Britain. To support his vices he consented to receive an annual sum, for which he was bound to do nothing injurious to his benefactor! May it not be truly said that Charles II. was in many respects worse than Charles I.? The one was the very embodiment of immorality, the other was at least virtuous; the former possessed limited intellectual capacities, and cared little about the public administration, the latter was an accomplished sovereign, a thorough gentleman, and a highly religious man. The first Charles justly incurred censure, both on account of his unwise proceedings and arbitrary policy; but never can the same language be applied to him as to the second Charles. His character has been very correctly drawn in a few words, by a distinguished living historian, whose name it is hardly necessary to mention. "He was a slave (says Macaulay), without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much; yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience."

In the year 1678 the discovery of the pretended Popish plot filled the country with alarm, and raised a general storm of animosity against the Roman Catholics. The notoriety which this singular piece of imposture has acquired renders it unnecessary for us to detail the varied circumstances by which it was attended: the real object of the conspirators seemed shrouded in mystery; and unless the plot was in the first instance concocted by the enemies of the Duke of York, who was a violent Romanist, and who was likely to succeed his brother on the throne, it must have been merely the production of some disordered brain. The avowed intention was to murder the king; but he treated the documents and the evidence adduced as impostures, and therefore worthy of no credence. It gave rise, however, on the part of the Parliament, to many measures hostile to the Papists, who, if they really did originate the plot, suffered dearly for their participation in its results.† The remaining period of his reign was

\* The annual pension amounted to about £100,000! rather a large sum in the seventeenth century. † It is rather amusing to read the curious history of Titus Oates, one of the principal actors in this cheat: he was "the son of a ribbon weaver, and had his first education in Merchant-Tailors' school, in London, and next in the University of Cambridge, where



marked by such dissensions with the Commons that Charles, partly prompted by the advice of his brother, the Duke of York, and partly to relieve himself from their censure, dissolved the Houses in 1681, intending for the future to govern without a parliament, and to adopt whatever measures his inclination dictated. But though his policy partook more of absolutism than of liberalism, he did not forget, even amidst the exercise of unjustifiable prerogatives, the fate of his father, nor neglect to oppose his brother's unwise counsels, to whom he once said—"I am too old to go again to my travels; you may if you choose it."

As each year rolled on the nation became more and more debased, the court more and more intolerant, corrupted, and degenerate. The scaffold dripped with the innocent blood of nobles and of gentlemen; the prisons were filled with persons said to be implicated in plots to dethrone and kill their sovereign. Russell and Sidney fell victims to the animosity and cruelty of men who richly deserved the hard fate of those distinguished ornaments of our country. The death of the latter, who was emphatically the last representative of the commonwealth, and the last of a long line of illustrious republicans, cast in the same mould with Cromwell and his compeers, can never be viewed but in the light of an indelible stain upon the tyrannic government of that era. His remains have long since crumbled into dust, the recollection of his great deeds alone survives; but let us not forget to chant over his tomb lines such as these—

"Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
Of the noble and the true;  
Hands that never failed their country,  
Hearts that never baseness knew."

Men were then executed, not because they had rendered themselves amenable to the law, but because they had, perhaps, provoked the animosity of some member of the cabinet, or, probably, on account of their presumed connection with Papists. Perjury was constantly practised: justice was unknown in the legal tribunals of the restored Stuart. Bigotry and ignorance, passion and cruelty, went hand in hand: religious intolerance and courtly dissoluteness were exchanged for the sacredness of Christianity and the distinguishing virtues of an earlier age. The debates in Parliament were frequently enlivened by such an expression as the following:—"I would not have so much as a Popish man or a Popish woman to remain here, not so much as a Popish dog or a Popish bitch, nor so much as a Popish cat to pur or mew about the king." The court, too,

he left no reputation behind him for his parts or learning, though he seemed distinguished for a tenacious memory, a plodding industry, and an unparalleled assurance, besides a particular canting way that appeared in his academical exercises. Removing from thence he slipped into orders, and for a while officiated as curate to his father (who had turned clergyman by way of change); after which he enjoyed a small vicarage in Kent, from whence, for some time, he got into the Duke of Norfolk's family, when he particularly sided with the Socinians in London, so that he became very uncertain as to his principles and religion, and infamous as to his morals. In the last year, 1677, being abandoned, and destitute of common necessities, he fell into the acquaintance of Dr. Ezrael Tonge (who figured prominently in the plot), a city divine, a man of letters and a prolific head, filled with all the Romish plots and conspiracies since the Reformation. This man was remarkable for his parts and great reading, but of a restless and humorous temper, full of variety of projects, and scarce ever without a pen in his hand and a plot in his head. At first he seemed to entertain Oates out of charity, who then went by the name of Ambrose; and complaining that he knew not where to get bread, the doctor took him to his house, gave him clothes, lodging, and diet, and told him he would put him in a way; after which, finding him a bold undertaker, he persuaded him to insinuate himself among the Papists, and get particular acquaintance with them.—*Echard.* Oates with this view afterwards spent several weeks on the Continent, and acquired the necessary information to enable him to prosecute the celebrated piece of imposture designated the Popish plot.

• "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

was an "entire scene of gallantry and amusements, with all the politeness and magnificence which the inclinations of a prince naturally addicted to tenderness and pleasure could suggest; the beauties were desirous of charming, and the men endeavoured to please; all studied to set themselves off to the best advantage; some distinguished themselves by dancing, others by show and magnificence; some by their wit, many by their amours, but few by their constancy."\*

In the midst of his pleasures, and surrounded with every luxury that could minister to his desires, Charles was summoned to another world. Evelyn, who visited the court a short time before his illness, makes the following very striking remarks:—"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections in astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust!" Charles was suddenly seized with a complaint resembling apoplexy, which, in a few days, caused his death, on the 6th of February, 1685, at the age of fifty-five, and after a reign of nearly twenty-five years, dating from the period of his restoration. Though professedly a Protestant, he died in the communion of the Roman Catholic church. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with several other bishops, attended him in his last hours, but he declined receiving the sacrament, so that an obscure confessor administered to him the only spiritual consolation he received before life had fled.

This prince's character was strikingly reflected upon the age in which he lived. The austere morality of the republican times found no favour in Charles's court; the able but somewhat despotic government of the Protectorate ceased with the death of its great chief, and was succeeded by the profligate, extravagant, and inglorious administration of the restored Stuart. Charles's reign loses every feature worthy of commendation by comparison with that of his predecessor. Cromwell's gains new lustre, and attracts additional admiration. The personal qualities of Charles were not calculated to confer upon him a higher name than that of being a man of wit and of good nature. His liberality was, however, almost always diverted into the wrong channel, and his fits of generosity were made the means of obtaining many undeserved favours. His private life was, as every historical reader knows, that of the most licentious character: his amours, as well as those of his courtiers, were sufficiently notorious to distinguish his times as the most abandoned and profligate in the annals of our country. His wit and acuteness were rarely excelled even by Buckingham or Rochester; and it may be readily imagined that with a monarch and his favourites possessed of such qualities his court should have frequently been the scene of some of the most cutting and lively remarks, the most poignant satire, the most playful and brilliant jests that ever rang within the royal palace. Had we space we would mention a few of the numerous anecdotes in which Charles shone by his wit and merriment, which if they do not exhibit him in a very favourable light as a sovereign, certainly show him to have been a man of ready, and often brilliant conversational talents.

But we should not regard him simply in this limited capacity, this lesser act in which monarchy has to play its part, but in the more important and extensive capacity of king of the most eminent nation in the world. Now, alas! his faults appear both numerous and grave. In the selection of his ministers, in the conduct of military and naval enterprises, in the management of the public finances, in the civil and judicial departments, and, in fact, in the whole system of government, there was a palpable want of some superior mind to guide the helm of affairs, and steer the vessel of state with wisdom and success.

\* "Memoirs of Count Grammont."

Charles was as little adapted to wield a sceptre as to command a line of battle-ships; he had no taste for business, and not sufficient sagacity to appoint suitable ministers to fulfil the various offices into which our form of government is divided. He treated the Parliament as though its sole duty was implicitly to obey his royal wishes; and when it manifested a spirit of determined resistance, he violated the principles of the English constitution, by ruling for several years, independent of its salutary control. Yet no murmur arose to disturb his revellings and amusements; the public voice was still so intoxicated with the presence of royalty as to look back with loathing on the administration of his predecessor. The patriotic spirit that had animated the breasts of the republicans seemed extinguished; the achievements of the previous age, so great in heroism, so successful in war, so distinguished in government, had faded from the sight, and left no signs to indicate where once it had existed. This was the result that followed the accession of the witty and the gay, the libertine and pleasure-loving Charles Stuart.

## STANZAS.

Is there on earth one thing that shall not die?—  
One thing, one thought, that shall not pass away?—  
One changeless form, one dream, that shall not fly?—  
One flower that blooms, and shall not know decay?  
One life that shall not see a dying day?  
The stormless sea, the heaven ever bright,  
The heart all joyous, and the breast all gay  
Are fancy-formed: No day but has its night;  
No sky without a cloud—no bloom without a blight.

To be of earth, is to be mortal. All  
The ripening beauties of the Spring shall fade—  
They bud and blossom, bloom an hour, and fall.  
The wither'd leaf drops softly in the glade,  
And Winter makes a waste where Summer made  
A Paradise. The flowers upon the stem  
Wither e'en ere their charms have been displayed,  
Dropping from the unjewell'd diadem,  
Rich with its native gold, but doubly rich with them.

The thing shall perish, and the thought shall die;  
The mind's creations are too pure to last,  
And when they dazzle most the hour is nigh  
When, like the lightning-flash upon the blast,  
They strike the vision, vanish, and are past.  
Still crush them not, though their endurance be  
Fading and fleeting. If the seed be cast  
The plant will grow; then let its growth be free,—  
It will not poison if it fail to sweeten life for thee.

If Fancy's pencil paints a cloudless sky,  
 If thought e'er revels in a stormless sea,—  
 If the mind's hearing may be chained by  
 Strains of eternal music,—if there be  
 Even in fancy, fetterless and free,  
 An earth all-verdant, with unfading bloom,  
 Why seek to leave the pleasant realm to flee  
 To dark reality's unlighted gloom,  
 Rejoicing thus in life to seek the still unwilling tomb?

If fancy paints a being with a mind  
 Pure as the violet's breath, sweet as the rose,  
 Fair as the lily's cheek, why seek to find  
 Others, whose blemish'd beauty may disclose  
 Or taint or spot? Allow the faultless flow'r  
 To bloom, if such a blossom only blows  
 In fancy-form'd creation. It has pow'r  
 To charm, and life too bitter is to lose one pleasant hour.  
 Seek not to check the freely-flowing spring,  
 Seek not to crush the blossom ere it blows,  
 Seek not to stay the bird upon the wing,  
 Seek not to dull the sunlight while it glows;  
 Too soon will perish the unwither'd rose,  
 Too soon the stream will stop its joyous way,  
 Too soon the bird will flutter as it goes  
 On failing wing; too soon the brilliant day  
 Will change to gloomy night, with all its dark and dull array.  
 But Hope, the heavenly seraph, is not she  
 The sweet-voic'd child of meek-eyed mercy given  
 To us for ever? No; her flight is free  
 From heaven to earth, from earth again to heaven;  
 For she, too, has her wings, and may be driven  
 Forth from the heart of man. One winter's snow  
 Will blast the flow'r for ever, and once riven  
 The heart's wounds never heal: The fount of woe,  
 Unseal'd, will gush for ever forth in sad and ceaseless flow.  
 For Hope is not immortal. Born of earth,  
 She lives and perishes with earthly things;  
 Her seraph sister claims a heavenly birth,  
 But hers is not the constant arm that clings  
 Around us,—hers is not the voice that sings  
 Delusive strains, like syren songs of old.  
 That hope is earthly which in youth-time brings  
 Sweet forms of beauty, cast in fancy's mould;  
 Till years dispel the dream, and the warm heart grows cold.

## MUSIC: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

### CHAPTER XVI.

It should be remarked that, in the rivalry of Faustina and Cuzzoni the acrimony was chiefly on the side of the latter, owing to the cause of Faustina being principally espoused by ladies on account of her worth, and by gentlemen because of her superior personal charms. Francesca was disliked also for her folly, extravagance, and caprice, to which she owed most of her misfortunes, whilst all her friendships were in time forfeited, through the ungovernable petulance of her temper, which was never conquered but by Handel, on one occasion, when she refused at rehearsal to sing an air belonging to her part. The great composer threatened to throw her out of the window if she remained pertinacious, and this brought her to reason. She was remarkable, also, for the reckless profusion with which she squandered her earnings.

Some curious instances are given by Horace Walpole of the feeling that existed between the pair who thus succeeded in convulsing the fashionable world, and gaining a powerful party on each side. On first visiting the country they were tolerably civil when they met, for each were invited to Walpole House by the lady mother of Horace, in order that neither should be borne down by undue influence; and as Sir Robert Walpole took the part of Faustina, and his lady that of Cuzzoni, it suited neither to give offence to either patron. Mutual concessions were consequently made on all questions of precedence with exaggerated politeness, and the host and hostess were relieved from the perplexity of adjustment. As pride swelled, however, a storm brewed, and the elements of jealousy and hatred began their work. Each of the heroines took it into her head not to sing in the presence of the other, and, consequently, at a concert given by Lady Walpole to the *élite* of her distinguished connections, she experienced great difficulty in saving the assemblage from disappointment. This she eventually effected by stratagem, and invited Faustina to a distant wing of her mansion, on pretence of viewing some curious china, but really to make her rival think she had quitted the field. The bait took, and Cuzzoni triumphantly displayed her splendid powers. She was then conducted to a picture gallery, and Faustina being brought back, was persuaded also to sing, under the same impression that had induced compliance from Cuzzoni. But they never forgave the device, and on again meeting in public actually came to blows, unrestrained by the presence of the leading members of the age. The *London Journal* of June 10th, 1727, remarks:—

“A great disturbance happened at the opera, occasioned by the partizans of the two celebrated rival ladies, Cuzzoni and Faustina. The contention at first was only carried on by hissing on one side, and clapping on the other, but proceeded at length to the melodious use of catcalls, and other accompaniments, which manifested the zeal and politeness of that illustrious assembly. The Princess Caroline was there; but neither her royal highness's presence, nor the laws of decorum, could restrain the glorious ardour of the combatants.”

What would the commentator have said to the Tamburini row, conducted by a prince royal himself?

Cuzzoni's party was under the lead of the Countess of Pembroke, who directed her followers to hoot whenever Faustina appeared. The chief friends of

Faustina were the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delawar. But the contest was growing injurious to the interests of the opera, and it was determined to get rid of Cuzzoni, the most disagreeable of the two. To effect this, when the time for a new contract of engagement arrived, the directors offered her a guinea less per week than the salary of her rival. This she was compelled to reject, as Lady Pembroke, whose influence was embarked in the cause, had made her swear never to receive a smaller amount than Faustina; and rather than permit the unfortunate woman to retract, allowed her to depart the country with the stigma of having been vanquished.

The ensuing lines will best indicate the sentiments of those who remained in England; they were penned by Ambrose Phillips:—

"Little syren of the stage,  
Charmer of an idle age,  
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
Wanton gale of fond desire;  
Bane of every manly art,  
Sweet enfeebler of the heart;  
O, too pleasing is thy strain,  
Hence to southern climes again!  
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,  
To this island bid farewell;  
Leave us as we ought to be,  
Leave the Britons rough and free!"

She returned to Italy in 1729, and frequently afterwards encountered Faustina at the carnivals, but they never again appeared together on the same stage. Her second visit to Great Britain was in 1734, when she received an engagement by the nobility to sing at the opera established in opposition to Handel. She remained two seasons, and four years afterwards made her third appearance at the Haymarket, where she tried to recruit her long-exhausted finances by taking a benefit concert; but the experiment failed, her voice was known to be weakened by her infirmities, and being now old and poverty-stricken, she attracted no notice whatever. Her subsequent difficulties were great; she returned to Holland, and was arrested for debt, but was allowed to sing in public (under arrest), that she might obtain the means of release. This she accomplished; and now, quite "crest-fallen," sought a subsistence as a maker of buttons, until the year 1770, when she died in extreme indigence at Bologna, a victim of her own follies: and thus perished one who was the world's delight and her own destruction. How different was this from the picture drawn by Dr. Burney of the declining days of Faustina! But it is ever thus with those who misuse the gifts of fortune.

#### FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

This was a distinguished member of the Royal Academy of Music in London. He always played by the name of Senessino, and began his career in the year 1719, where he greatly distinguished himself, though not a native of the place, having been born at Sienna, in the year 1680. His voice was a *contralto*, remarkable for sweetness, power, clearness, equality, and excellence of shake. His *adagios* were never loaded with ornaments; and yet he refined upon the original and essential notes with exquisite taste. His *allegros* were sung with immense fire, and he marked rapid divisions from the chest in a pleasing and articulate manner. His elocution was unrivalled, and his entire style of singing masterly.

Such qualifications naturally led to the introduction of Senessino to an Italian opera on the splendid footing as was that of Dresden at the period of his *début*; and his success amid the host of brilliant singers there engaged as naturally led to his engagement by Handel; who, when the English nobility projected the Royal Academy, was dispatched to Dresden for the express purpose of securing Senessino, and making other selections from the famous company at that city.



This was in 1720, and he remained until 1726, interpreting the principal parts in Handel's operas during the whole period.

In 1726 ill health obliged him to visit Italy, but at the expiration of four years he resumed his situation until the breaking out of the musical war which occasioned the establishment of an opera, to which Senessino gave his adherence, and remained until 1734, a year after joining. His secession was occasioned by the engagement of Farinelli; and he retired in umbrage to Tuscany, where in 1760 he expired. He was always a favourite, and few singers have possessed a countenance better adapted for the stage, or more noble and natural action. His figure was majestic and his deportment heroic.

#### MARGHERITA DURASTANTI.

This accomplished singer accompanied Senessino to England, being engaged at the same period by Handel; but Cuzzoni, whose biography we have just given, being then in her zenith, Margherita was unable to contend with her superior, and was eventually forced to retire. She, however, remained during the years 1720-21-23, during which she sung in the operas of Buononcini, Attilio, Ariosti, and Handel, and then took a formal leave of the British public by singing the following song upon the stage:—

"Generous, gay, and gallant nation,  
Bold in arms and bright in arts;  
Land secure from all invasion,  
All but Cupid's gentle darts!  
From your charms, oh, who would run?—  
Who would leave you for the sun?

Happy soil, adieu, adieu!  
Let old charmers yield to new;  
In arms, in arts, be still more shining,  
All your joys be still increasing,  
All your tastes be still refining,  
All your jars for ever ceasing:  
But let old charmers yield to new—  
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!"

These words were by the immortal Pope, written by desire of the Earl of Peterborough, Madame Durastanti's patron. She was, in fact, from the excellence of her private character, a great favourite with the nobility as well as with royalty. Of this an instance is afforded in the following extract from the *Evening Post* of 7th March, 1721:—

"Last Thursday His Majesty was pleased to stand godfather, and the Princess and Lady Bruce godmothers to a daughter of Mrs. Durastanti, chief singer in the opera house. The Marquis Viconti for the king, and the Lady Litchfield for the princess."

Notwithstanding the above testimony to her character, Arbuthnot could not resist burlesquing her farewell address; and as we have given the original song, we will now furnish the travestie. It runs as follows:—

"Puppies whom I now am leaving,  
Merry sometimes, always mad;  
Who lavish most when debts are craving,  
On fool, on farce, on masquerade:  
Who would not from such bubbles run,  
And leave such blessings for the sun?

Happy soil, and simple crew,  
Let old sharpeners yield to new.  
All your tastes be still refining,  
All your nonsense still more shining:  
Bleat in some Berenstadt or Boschi,  
He more awkward, he more husky;

And never want, when these are lost t' us,  
 Another Heidegger and Faustus.  
 Happy soil and simple crew!  
 Let old sharpeners yield to new;  
 Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!"

The above was a severer skit upon the English than upon the fair vocalist, who returned to her native country, and lived a lengthened and happy life.

#### CATERINA MINGOTTI.

This ardent lover of music and beautifully-voiced lady is eminent for having so aroused the jealousy of the gifted but terribly-tenacious Faustina as to drive her from Dresden; a victory quite sufficient to authenticate the testimony borne by contemporaries to Mingotti's talents. She was daughter to an officer in the service of the Emperor of Austria, and was born in 1726, at Naples, whence her father conveyed her into Germany, while yet an infant. Here she became an orphan, and was entrusted by an uncle to the care of the lady abbess of a convent at Gratz, in Silesia, where she received a musical education.

Our heroine was fated to lose her closest connections at an early period; for she was only fourteen when death deprived her of her uncle, and she was thrown destitute upon the world. In this situation she attracted the attentions of Signor Mingotti, manager of the Dresden Opera, and married him at the age of fifteen. The bridegroom was somewhat advanced in years, but the match was so far advantageous that it gave her the lead of the opera, and enabled her to establish the reputation that proved so detrimental to Faustina. She owed her engagement at the Dresden Theatre to Porpora, whose notice she attracted; but her own reputation procured for her an engagement at Naples shortly after her marriage. She appeared as Aristeia in Galuppi's *Olympiade*, in which character she asserted her claims as an actress, by giving a new reading to the part. This, with her singing, met with extraordinary success, and she now became the rage. Having returned for a short period to Dresden, she proceeded to Spain, where for two years she held unlimited sway as the empress of song, with Giziello as emperor, at the Royal Opera, Madrid, then under the direction of Farinelli.

From Madrid she proceeded in 1754 to England, and there, as is always the case with vocalists, reached the pinnacle of her fame. Five guineas were not only willingly given to hear her at a private concert, but noblemen of the highest rank deemed it a privilege to be allowed a ticket; and when she was ill-advised enough to enter into the operatic feuds of the day in opposition to Vaneschi, the manager, her cause was espoused by Mrs. Fox Lane, afterwards Lady Bingley, and the Hon. General Crewe. This occasioned the bankruptcy of Vaneschi, and Mingotti consummated her folly by undertaking the management of the opera in conjunction with Giardini. This swallowed the whole of her savings, and in 1758 she quitted England a ruined woman. She, however, partly repaired her fortunes by singing at the principal cities in Italy, and eventually settled herself at Munich, in 1763, on a small but respectable income.

Mingotti did not possess many of the feminine graces, but as a singer and actress was unsurpassed. It is recorded that such were her attractions at Madrid, that Farinelli prohibited her singing anywhere but at the opera or court, and even from practising in a room adjoining the street. Such was the severity with which this restriction was enforced that a nobleman whose lady "longed" to hear Mingotti, was compelled to procure a royal mandate before Farinelli would concede the remedy for a mental malady that is nowhere treated with more attention than in Spain.

#### CATERINA GABRIELLI.

Byrdone, in the account of his tour through Sicily and Malta, styles the songstress of whose career it is now our province to speak, "the greatest singer in the world." A more singular character never existed, and her eccentricities were only equalled by her transcendent abilities. She was known by the

*sobriquet* of *La Cuochetina*, from the fact of being daughter to a cardinal's cook. Porpora was her first master, and even in her juvenile years her untractable disposition and caprice rendered her notorious throughout Italy. In 1758 she formed an engagement at the principal opera in Madrid, where Farinelli was then singing, and to whom Metastasio wrote the following account of her singularities:—

"The amusing stories which you hear from Italy concerning one Signora Gabrielli are but too true; she is young, an Italian, favoured by nature, and of transcendent abilities in music; so that it is not surprising that, like other syrens, she should be capricious. But in your hands I hope she will be more prudent. She is perfectly aware of her own merit, and yet extremely timid. In order to moderate her impetuosity it will be necessary, perhaps, to impress her mind with great respect for, or rather positive fear of, the sovereign and the court: but that this may not depress her spirits too much in performance, you should likewise encourage her by your approbation, and the applause of your friends; and I assure you she will deserve it. Indeed you are a more expert pilot than I, and I have no doubt will turn your skill to good account. At Vienna, Milan, and Lucca, where this young singer was dexterously managed, she enchanted everybody who heard her; but at Padua, where they tried to use the whip more than the spur, they threw away their money."

These hints were not so judiciously followed by Farinelli as was intended by the good-natured poet, and Gabrielli failed in producing any great effect. In 1775 she appeared in London, although she had always expressed a dread of the English public. The impression she created was but slight, for she had lost juvenility, beauty, and vocal power. Burney thus describes her:—

"She had no indications of low birth in her countenance or deportment, which had all the grace and dignity of a Roman matron. Her reputation was so great before her arrival in England for singing and caprice, that the public, expecting perhaps too much of both, was unwilling to allow her due praise for her performance, and too liberal in ascribing everything she said and did to pride and insolence. It having been reported that she often feigned sickness, and sang ill when she was able to sing well, few were willing to allow she could be sick, or that she ever sung her best when she was here; and those who were inclined to believe that sometimes she might perhaps have exerted herself in pure caprice thought her voice on the decline, or that fame, as usual, had deviated from the truth in speaking of her talents. Her voice, though of an exquisite quality, was not very powerful. As an actress, though of low stature, there were such grace and dignity in her gestures and deportment as caught every unprejudiced eye; indeed she filled the stage, and occupied the attention of the spectators so much, that they could look at nothing else while she was in view. Her freaks and *espègleries*, which had fixed her reputation, seemed to have been very much subdued before her arrival in England. In conversation she seemed the most intelligent and best-bred *virtuosa* with whom I ever conversed, not only on the subject of music, but on every subject concerning which a well-educated female who had seen the world might reasonably be expected to have obtained information. She had been three years in Russia previous to her arrival in England, during which time no peculiarities of individual character, national manners, or court etiquette, had escaped her observation. In youth her beauty and caprice had occasioned an universal delirium among her young countrymen, and there were still remains of both sufficiently powerful while she was in England to render credible their former influence."

Such is the description of Gabrielli in her wane. Let us once more revert to the memoirs of Brydone, and see how he speaks of her when in her zenith. He says—

"Those who sing in the same theatre must be capital, otherwise they never can be attended to: this, indeed, has been the fate of all the performers except Pacchierotti, and he, too, gave himself up for lost when he heard her performance. It happened to be an air of execution exactly adapted to her voice, in

which she exerted herself in so astonishing a manner, that before it was half done poor Pacchierotti burst out a-crying, and ran in behind the scenes, lamenting that he had dared to appear on the same stage with so wonderful a singer, where his small talents must not only be lost, but where he must ever be accused of presumption, which he hoped was foreign to his character. It was with some difficulty they could prevail upon him to appear again; but from an applause well merited, both from his talents and modesty, he soon began to pluck up a little courage, and in the singing of a tender air even she herself, as well as the audience, is said to have been moved.

"The performance of Gabrielli is so generally known and admired that it is needless to say anything to you on the subject; her wonderful execution and volubility of voice has long been the admiration of Italy, and has even obliged them to invent a new term to express it, and would she exert herself as much to please as to astonish, she might almost perform the wonders that have been ascribed to Orpheus and Timotheus; but it happens luckily, perhaps, for the repose of mankind, that her caprice is, if possible, greater than her talents, and has made her still more contemptible than these have made her celebrated; by this means her character has often proved a sufficient antidote both to the charms of her voice and those of her person, which are, indeed, almost equally powerful. But if these had been united to the qualities of a modest and an amiable mind, she would have made dreadful havoc in the world. However, with all her faults she is certainly the most dangerous syren of modern times, and has made more conquests, I suppose, than any one woman breathing. It is but justice to add that, contrary to the generality of her profession, she is by no means selfish or mercenary, but, on the contrary, has given many singular proofs of generosity and disinterestedness. She is very rich, from the bounty, as is supposed, of the last emperor, who was fond of having her at Vienna; but she was at last banished that city, as she has likewise been most of those in Italy, from the broils and squabbles that her intriguing spirit, perhaps, still more than her beauty, had excited.

"There are a great many anecdotes concerning her that would not make an unentertaining volume, and I am told are, or soon will be, published. Although she is considerably upwards of thirty, on the stage she scarcely appears to be eighteen; and this art of appearing young is none of the most contemptible she possesses. When she is in good humour, and really chooses to exert herself, there is nothing in music I have ever heard to be compared to her performance, for she sings to the heart as well as to the fancy when she pleases, and she then commands every passion with unbounded sway. But she is seldom capable of exercising these wonderful powers; and her caprice and her talents exerting themselves by turns have given her all her life the singular fate of becoming alternately an object of admiration and contempt. Her powers in acting and reciting are scarcely inferior to those of her singing; sometimes a few words in the recitative, with a simple accompaniment, produce an effect that I have never been sensible of from any other performer, and incline me to believe what Rosseau advances on this branch of music, which with us is so much despised. She owes much of her merit to the instructions she received from Metastasio, particularly in acting and reciting; and he allows that she does more justice to his operas than any other actress that ever attempted them.

"Her caprice is so fixed and stubborn, that neither interest, nor flattery, nor threats, nor punishment, have the least power over it; and it appears that treating her with respect and contempt have an equal tendency to increase it. It is seldom that she condescends to exert these wonderful talents, but most particularly if she imagines that such an exertion is expected; and instead of singing her airs as other actresses do, for the most part she only hums them over a *mezza voce*; and no art whatever is capable of making her sing when she does not choose it. The most successful expedient has ever been found to prevail on her favourite lover (for she always has one) to place himself in the centre of the pit, or the front box, and if they are on good terms, which is

seldom the case, she will address her tender airs to him, and exert herself to the utmost. Her present *inamorato* promised to give us this specimen of his power over her; he took his seat accordingly, but Gabrielli, probably suspecting the contrivance, would take no notice of him, so that even this expedient does not always succeed. The viceroy, who is fond of music, has tried every expedient with her to no purpose; some time ago he gave a great dinner to the principal nobility at Palermo, and sent an invitation to Gabrielli to be of the party; every other person arrived at the hour of invitation. The viceroy ordered dinner to be put back, and sent to let her know that the company waited her. The messenger found her reading in bed. She said she was sorry for having made the company wait, and begged he would make her apology, but that really she had entirely forgot her engagement. The viceroy would have forgiven this piece of insolence, but when the company came to the opera Gabrielli repented her part with the utmost negligence and indifference, and sang all her airs in what they call *sotto voce*—that is, so low that they can scarcely be heard. The viceroy was offended; but as he is a good-tempered man he was loth to make use of his authority, but at last, by a perseverance in this insolent stubbornness, she obliged him to threaten her with punishment in case she any longer refused to sing. On this she grew more obstinate than ever, declaring that force and authority should never succeed with her; that he might make her cry, but never could make her sing. The viceroy then sent her to prison, where she remained twelve days, during which time she gave magnificent entertainments every day, paid the debts of all the poor prisoners, and distributed large sums in charity. The viceroy was obliged to give up struggling with her, and she was at last set at liberty amid the acclamations of the poor.

"Luckily for us she is at present in good humour, and sometimes exerts herself to the utmost of her power. She says she has several times been on terms with the manager of our opera, but thinks she shall never be able to pluck up resolution enough to go to England. What do you think is her reason? It is by no means a bad one. She says she cannot command her caprice, but for the most part it commands her, and that there she could have no opportunity of indulging it. 'For,' said she, 'were I to take it into my head not to sing, I am told the people there would certainly mob me, and perhaps break my bones; now I like to sleep in a whole skin, although it should even be in a prison.' She alleges, too, that it is not always caprice that prevents her from singing, but that it often depends upon physical causes. And this, indeed, I can readily believe; for that wonderful flexibility of voice that runs with such rapidity and neatness through the minutest divisions, and produces almost instantaneously so great a variety of modulation, must surely depend on the very nicest tone of the fibres; and if these are in the smallest degree relaxed, or their elasticity diminished, how is it possible that these contractions and expansions can so readily obey the will as to produce these effects? The opening of the glottis which forms the voice is exceedingly small, and in every variety of tone its diameter must suffer a sensible change, for the same diameter must ever produce the same tone; so wonderfully minute are its contractions and dilatations, that Dr. Keil, I think, computes that in some voices its opening, not more than the tenth of an inch, is divided into upwards of twelve hundred parts, the different sound of every one of which is perceptible to an exact ear. Now what a nice tension of fibres must this require! I should imagine even the most minute change in the air must cause a sensible difference, and that in our foggy climate the fibres would be in danger of losing this wonderful sensibility, or at least that they would very often be put out of tune. It is the same case with an ordinary voice, where the variety of divisions run through, and the volubility with which they are executed bear no proportion to those of a Gabrielli."

It is unnecessary, after the copiousness of the above extracts, to swell the present memoir with further remarks of our own, or to search after further incident; the close of her career is told in a single sentence. After quitting England she spent the remainder of her life in tranquillity at Bologna, to which place she retired in affluent circumstances.

(To be continued.)



man in health demands less pure air, to ensure those

## VENTILATION—THE AIR WE BREATHE.

THE air we breathe is the chief agent of vitality. Man can exist for a considerable period without food and light, but deprive him of breath and life ceases. He may be sustained by unwholesome provisions for a time, but vitiate the air he inhales, and disease and death are the consequences. Hence the subject is one demanding important consideration; it explains the causes of plague and pestilence, and reveals the true sources of individual ailments and those epidemics which from time to time have thinned the population of entire nations. But in nothing has the disregard and ignorance of mankind been more evinced than on this almost self-evident fact. The savage, with a wilderness for his territory, crowds his family beneath the shelter of a wigwam four feet high, and thus breeds in time a pest that frequently extinguishes an entire race. The son of civilisation provides a more roomy habitation, but without an outlet for the poisonous air engendered within its walls, or an inlet for the supply of a purer atmosphere. Moreover, he suffers waste produce and offal to accumulate until putrid, and investigation has recently discovered the abominable fact that the very base of our cities is a mass of filth exhaling from year to year the foul concrete of its odour into the upper air, and laying wait for some convulsion, or the opening of some aperture for its escape to spread a horrible contagion throughout the country.

The dirty habits of the lower orders form another gigantic auxiliary of the plague-fiend. The slops and messes suffered to poison the very rooms in which they eat and sleep, and pass their lives, are sufficient to make humanity sick; whilst the loathsomeness of their own persons renders them absolutely fœtid, even in the open air. What but these things give occasion to the influenza, the cholera, the low fevers, and other visitations by which of late years all parts of the world have been visited?—and what would remedy the evils? Proper ventilation.

The practice of intra-mural interments, the formation of cesspools, the slaughtering of beasts, the working of chemical and other offensive factories, the manufacture of gas, together with the close packing of an almost innumerable population, form another host of causes producing infectious disorders, and for which it is manifest there are but two remedies—one, the suppression of the obnoxious practices, with the removal of all vestiges of their existence; and the other, a means of purifying the atmosphere of our houses, and thoroughly ventilating every place of abode, whether inhabited or not. The former of these measures must be the work of those who govern public affairs, to which task the voice of the whole country should indignantly urge them. The latter is within the reach of all; but before pointing out the means, we will venture a few more remarks upon the necessity of adopting them, in order that the ignorant may become enlightened, and the supine aroused. Few persons are aware how necessary a thorough ventilation is to the preservation of health, or of the importance of the process so little attended to in the economy of our dwellings. The fact is, however, certain, that a constant renewal of the air is absolutely essential to its purity, and that without an outlet for the air rooms cannot be ventilated.

Though all people are aware that if we have not air enough we die, few seem to know that air once breathed by human beings becomes converted into deadly poison, and that unless removed by ventilation, all the evil effects of malaria are speedily brought on. The number of thousands annually swept away by means of foul air may be ascertained from the recently-published reports of the Health of Towns Commissioners, and those numbers are doubled by the amount who die from simply residing in ill-ventilated places. Even a partially vitiated atmosphere contaminates the constitution of the inhaler, and produces ill health, languor, head-ache, stupor, weakness of intellect, and premature decay. The evidence of all this is established by daily experience. A



man in health demands four cubic feet per minute of pure air, to ensure those transformations in the blood which are effected by respiration, and to remove and dilute the poisonous gas he exhales. The virus of the breath issues warm from the body, and is consequently specifically lighter than air, through which it ascends to the ceiling, without an opening for escape higher than the chimney-piece, and consequently, the upper part of the apartment becomes filled with poisonous gas. Now this is the very atmosphere in which adults breathe; they are inhaling a varying amount of poison, and thus generate the germs of typhus, small-pox, and other special diseases produced by the mixture of common air and that which has issued from the lungs. When a person thus afflicted is confined in a small room, or when several are in a large one without ventilation, the disease spreads, but when once a current of pure air is admitted, the poisonous emanations become diluted, and are rendered at once innocuous.

That air exhaled by the healthiest persons is poisonous may be proved by suspending a bird from the top of a four-post bedstead in which two persons are sleeping, with the curtains drawn. The bird will be found dead in the morning, poisoned by the breath of the sleepers who, had they slept on the same level with the bird would have poisoned themselves. Small rooms are as perilous as curtained bedsteads, and this is the reason that so many families have seen their children rosy, plump, and healthy creatures until growth carried their heads above the level of the pure air in the nursery. Then, at the age of nine or ten, one after the other has become slender, pallid, and sallow, and their future condition entirely deteriorated. When will ever be forgotten the dire catastrophe at the Black Hole of Calcutta, occasioned entirely by the inhalation of exhaled air? But enough has been said to prove the thesis we have laid down. We have shown that the illness of the inhabitants of this country, rich, poor, young, and adult, arises from a deficiency in the supply of unadulterated air to their dwellings, bed-rooms, school-rooms, workshops, and places of public assembly.

And now for the remedy—Ventilation. This is procurable by means of orifices in the walls adjoining the chimneys; by openings above the windows, and by the introduction of wire-work ventilators; and had the dwelling houses of the Metropolis been provided with these we should never have heard of typhus or cholera. But it is admitted that the measures we devise are not always practicable; so that society is still at a stand-still and the remedy incomplete. Happily, however, one resource is left, to which there can be no obstacle—namely, to turn the windows themselves into ventilators—not by leaving them open, and endangering health by means of a thorough draft, but by employing the powers of the glass recently invented and introduced to society by the scientific Loch-head, whose invention may be considered as the greatest modern boon to society. It is constructed for the express purpose of affording light, air, and ventilation, and is provided over the entire surface with minute perforations not large enough for the admission of a perceptible stream, but sufficiently capacious to which has been already exhaled. The idea is wonderful as it is simple, and the allow the continual ingress of eliminations of pure air, and the egress of that process as certain as it is safe. We have ourselves stood without inconvenience or annoyance in a crowded apartment thus ventilated, and consequently tested its efficacy. Here, then, is a remedy within the reach of all. The uncontaminated air of London is noted for its salubrity, and we have here the means of preserving an unfelt current through our apartments by day as well as night. The hot breath and impure exhalations of the lungs have thus a transit from our presence, and even where the outward air is not of the purest kind, it receives from motion a sufficient spring to drive before it that which is stagnant and absolutely deleterious. It is not our province to discuss the merits of projects devised for purposes of individual interest; but ventilating glass is a providential discovery permitted to be made for the benefit of mankind; and having tested its advantages we should be remiss in the duties imposed upon us were we not to point them out.

## TREVANION.

THE production of an original play of the legitimate school forms an epoch at any theatre; but on the Surrey side of the water it has been an almost unheard-of event, until the assumption of management by Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick. These gentlemen have not only produced a well-written legitimate play, but one from the united pens of two of our leading authors—namely, Mr. Westland Marston and Mr. Bayle Bernard; the first of whom, as a disciple of pure legitimacy, has already rendered his name famous by his *Patrician's Daughter*, *Strathmore*, &c.; and the second by popular dramas of the domestic school, such as *Lucille*, *The Farmer's Story*, &c. If Mr. Marston has not yet attained the pinnacle of fame, it has been from not having acquired proficiency in what is termed dramatic construction; or, less technically speaking, in the mechanism by which he rivets his materials. He proceeds with his story uninterrupted by those little interventions of scene and circumstance by which all journeys are so agreeably relieved. His path is straight; and when we have followed him half-way, we generally see the end of it,—hence the emotions of the spectator partake of a oneness that demands variety; and critics, while awarding the meed really deserved, have always had to qualify the tributes of praise by complaints of monotony. *Experientia docet*. Mr. Marston has adopted a judicious course. He does not yet feel competent to undertake the mechanical as well as architectural departments of his structure, and he has therefore engaged a builder who, although not one of the Wrens of literature, knows better than the designer himself what to do with the materials; who knows where to diversify and where to carry on the original plan; how to prop and how to ornament; where to rear the walls, where to construct the windows; and where to introduce the devices of fancy. Such a combination was predictive of excellence; and when we visited the Surrey Theatre on the 22nd ult., we felt assured of finding it; nor were we mistaken in our anticipations.

The name of the play is *Trevanion; or, the False Position*. It has all the pith and stamina of legitimacy, the romance of nature, and the humour of broad farce, with connecting events and characters to pourtray them and give a *vraisemblance* of reality to the whole. The story is simple and natural. Margaret Langford (Madame Ponisi) is the daughter of an humble but honest boat-builder. Her talents and good qualities have recommended her in early life to a Lady Evesham, and on the demise of her protectress she is taken into favour by a wealthy lady of the name of Lorimer (Mrs. Henry Vining), who causes her to be educated and accomplished in a manner befitting one of higher station. Attention of this marked description induces an impression amongst her friends that she was a connexion by ties of relationship of her early patroness, and frail humanity permits the belief to pass uncontradicted. This establishes the "false position" in which the heroine moves, and she is, under the impression thus created, wooed and won by Trevanion (Mr. Creswick), a wealthy mine-owner of Cornwall, and a man of the most immaculate, honourable principles. After the wedding her father, Michael Langford (Mr. Emery), writes a letter of congratulation, but the fair dissembler conceals it from her husband, and thus maintains the delusion under which he labours. The high-mindedness of his character, however, and the confluence of other events, occasion a change in her sentiments, and produce contrition for the part she has acted, from which moment she forms the resolution of revealing all to her lord. A visit from her father expedites the resolve; but fearing the result of a premature interview, she anxiously solicits him to quit the mansion, and defer an introduction to another time. He is incensed at this conduct, attributing it to pride and mortification at his homespun manners. The result is a series of reproaches at her unfilial conduct, and a scene ensues that is one of the finest

of the piece. The acting of both Madame Ponisi and Mr. Emery was transcendent, and the portraiture of the conscience-stricken daughter and the heart-broken father true to the life. In the midst of the altercation Trevanion enters and discovers all. He finds that his trust has been misplaced and betrayed; and, ignorant of his wife's intention of confiding to him her secret, he withdraws from her the affections of his soul. She quits the place, and seeks for shelter beneath her father's roof, and here another scene ensues of the most consummate interest. Emery reminded us of the best days of Fawcett, and Madame Ponisi was not a whit behind him in the display of sterling histrionic talent. In the meantime, through the injudicious speculations of a steward named Knightly (Mr. Bruce Norton), the affairs of Trevanion are brought to a ruinous ebb, and a forged letter from a provincial editor named Vox (Mr. H. Widdicomb) consummates the disaster. All is on the verge of bankruptcy, and Margaret once more enters the mansion, with cries of bitter repentance, and an offer to follow him in his fallen fortunes. He consents to the resumption of her rights to board and shelter, but adds that she must ever remain excluded from his heart. At this juncture Mrs. Lorimer appears, and informs him that not only had his (Trevanion's) wife reposed in her the secret of her misconduct, but had now claimed a large sum that Mrs. Lorimer had designed as Margaret's marriage portion, but which she had formerly refused. This sum the faithful wife had now applied to the retrieval of her husband's affairs, and the rescue of his good name from obloquy. This, of course, induces him to relent, and the piece concludes with the happy restoration of Margaret to the bosom of her lord.

Such is the outline of the drama, the consummate filling up of which can only be properly comprehended by actually witnessing its representation. The master-hand is, however, everywhere apparent, and each tint and contrast of light and shade so exquisitely true to nature, as to produce all the impressions of reality. It is, however, a play that must always depend for success greatly upon the actor. Its fine language demands considerable powers of discrimination, and the heart-rending and always interesting nature of the incidents, call for displays of high histrionic art, otherwise the effect would be marred, and the salient points entirely lost. How these *desiderata* were accomplished by the principal *artistes* throughout, the acclamations of the audience sufficiently testified. Mr. Creswick was truly great in Trevanion. The part, as drawn by the author, is a domestic hero; he is a philanthropist, a lover, and an ardent disciple of the school of social progression. He is sensitive to the last degree, and the expression of his feelings is accompanied with considerable impetuosity. All this was finely delineated by Mr. Creswick, who not only received the tribute of applause, but likewise of tears. Nothing could surpass the intensity with which he delivered the following passage in the scene where he discovers her secret:—

"Oh! ere this bitter hour,  
My soul had challeng'd fate to rend thee thence.  
I lived for thee—lived in thee; thou wert life!  
Seas might have swept between us; had'st thou died,  
My faith had sent a thrill to pierce the stars  
And reached thee there! The dead are not the lost!  
They live in love!"

His frantic joy in the last scene was another powerful effort, and we have no doubt that when the powers of this gentleman are fully matured, he will become one of the leading actors of his time. We have already bestowed our commendations of the fine specimens of the mimic art furnished by Madame Ponisi and Mr. Emery. It was a real treat to witness their efforts, and each have added to the reputation they have already acquired.

There are other characters introduced, in the persons of Skillet, a sub-editor, represented by Mr. Rogers; a Miss Hornet, capably played by Miss Laporte; and several subordinate ones, who keep alive a comic underplot, and raise the

risibility of the audience. There is much good writing in the piece, and many of the ideas are striking and original. Every part was well played; the *mise en scene* and appointments were in the first style of excellence, and the applause throughout enthusiastic. All were called before the curtain, and Mr. Creswick announced the repetition of the play every evening until further notice, with the unanimous sanction of the audience. The authors were called for, and bowed their acknowledgments from a private box.

The *Water Witches* followed, and afterwards a red-hot melodrama, entitled *The Death Secret; or, the Heart and Key*. Both were well played, and highly successful. The house was well filled; and it is palpable that the public will not suffer such deserving caterers for their amusement as Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick to go unrewarded for their exertions.

## LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

### No. 15.—TITANIA.

OBERON.—"But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see—

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen."

TITANIA.—"My Oberon, what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamoured of an ass."

OBERON.—"There lies your love."

TITANIA.—"Oh! how mine eyes do loath his visage now."

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4th, Scene 1st.*

SUMMER moonbeams light the roses

Where the fairy queen reposes.

"Awake, sweet queen!" her Oberon cries,

"As I thus thy spell-bound eyes

With a counter-charm do free,

To 'see as thou wast wont to see,'

And prove how oft doth Wisdom's beam

Light the shadows of a dream.

"View the object by thy side,

Late thy doting care and pride;

In that object, vile and base,

The fantasies of mortals trace.

Who, if calm Reflection's sway

Awaked to Truth's unclouded ray,

Would, glancing back on Folly's brow,

Cry, 'How I loath his visage now!'

"But come, Titania, let us hie

To where the placid moonbeams lie;

And little flowers bend courteously,

As summer airs pass whisperingly;

And where the grassy rings of earth

At morn shall tell of fairy mirth.

Ah! gentle fay, like thee, could all

From the spells of earthly thrall

Awake, to view their mockery,

What noble natures might be free."

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

### HAYMARKET.

The little theatre in the Haymarket has always enjoyed the celebrity of being the retiring scene of most of our eminent theatrical *artistes*, who generally take a farewell sojourn to its boards prior to finally quitting the Thespian scene. In the present instance we have to record a series of performances by Mr. Macready, who contemplates, we regret to learn, a final retirement from the stage. This gentleman is one of the last remaining links of the legitimate school, and we can ill spare him at a period when there is such a dearth of high histrionic talent. His career has been one steady and progressive course of prosperity, and he can boast of achieving what few actors have successfully accomplished—namely, a stride from melo-drama to high tragedy. His father was the celebrated M'Cready, for so many years the manager of the Birmingham Theatre, and that of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Disliking the Milesian appearance of his patronymic, young Macready substituted *Mac* for the apostrophe M, and hence the difference between the spelling of the two names. He received a classical education, and in early life was remarkable for the buoyance of his spirits. At the completion of his education he was introduced to the stage by his father, and he had several years' hard practice in the leading business in different parts of the provinces. He afterwards came to Covent Garden, and from his onset was considered a rising actor. His original parts were unimportant, but he worked his way up, and eventually, in the part of Rob Roy, made a decided impression upon the public; from that period he became a star, and was admitted into the ranks of legitimacy. With Kean and Young he shared popular favour in the Shaksperian drama, and was much admired for the justness of his conceptions and the classic severity of his style. He was the last great tragedian under the reign of the Kembles, and has established a reputation in every part of the kingdom. Few members of the profession have done more to sustain its respectability. He has ever maintained that an actor should be a gentleman, and his conduct through life has been unmarked by any of those unseemly habits by which many of our greatest tragedians have been debased. Strange to say, notwithstanding his proficiency as an actor, he has no love for his profession, and views with distaste the position he fills as a mere mimic of nature; his impersonations are consequently not so much the developments of innate genius inspired by a passion for acting, as they are an exhibition of high art resulting from the most careful study. He does not feel, but he depicts the feelings of others, and hence has acquired a mannerism that may be always detected in copyists. In applying this term to Mr. Macready, we do not infer that he copies any other actor; he is a copyist of nature, but does not experience what he portrays. His best delineations are classic characters, and those which partake of a melo-dramatic nature: hence his *Virginus* and his *William Tell* are his best acted parts, if we except his *Ion* and *Richelieu*, than which nothing can be finer. In high comedy he displays considerable powers, and in *Macbeth* he is transcendent. His worst character is *Richard III.*, which he totally misconceives; but in *Hamlet* he is again at home, and represents the wayward and philosophic prince as drawn by Shakspeare. During the month he has appeared in most of these parts, with the support of Mrs. Warner, and other leading *artistes*. On each occasion the houses have been thronged, and he has created the utmost enthusiasm. His loss will be severely felt by play-goers, and but for Charles Kean there would be no one left to supply the gap.

Mr. Macready's life has not been without interest; he has all along formed one of a constellation second only to the Garrick era, and continually moved with prominence in the public eye. When a young man, he was instrumental in saving the life of a young lady from fire, and the famous Forrest affair has assisted to attach much notoriety to his name. His marriage was indicative of the man; the object of his choice was Miss Fanny Atkins, a lady who performed in his father's company at Bristol. Her rank in the profession was, however, only of a subordinate nature; and as her education had been but imperfect, the tragedian sent her for three years to a noted seminary, where she was perfected in every branch of educational accomplishment. He then married her, and we believe that the union was productive of all the happiness that might reasonably have been expected from so prudent a course.



It will be long before the stage is again graced with such an ornament. Garrick, John Kemble, Cooke, Kean, Young, and Booth have all passed from us, and in a few short months the name of Macready will have been added to the roll, and swell the record of bygone excellence that was and is no more. He will carry with him into private life the admiration of the public, and will pass the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of a well-earned competence, and in the society of the leading talent of the age. May every happiness attend him.

## PRINCESS'S.

### MACFARREN'S NEW OPERA.

Floating particles always gravitate to a common centre, and hence the formation of solid substances. It is the same with opinion: first whispered afar off, then echoed in louder tones, it gives birth to a thousand responses, which, gathering courage with numerical strength, increase and multiply until they become sufficiently numerous and strong to form a voice that nothing can resist. It is thus with all questions appertaining to the common good, and in no instance are we furnished with stronger evidence of the fact than in the history of music in this country. England originally had no ear for music; when educated, she had no school for music; and when she began to form a school she found she had no scope for music. In vain did enthusiasts raise their voices and demand an institution for British song; the cry was faint and unheeded. Once, and once only, was an attempt made to meet the requisition. This was by Mr. Arnold, more than a quarter of a century back, when he turned the old Lyceum Theatre into the Theatre Royal, English Opera House; but alas! the establishment speedily became perverted from its purposes. Miss Kelly was then in her zenith as the first melodramatic actress of the age, perhaps of all time. Wilkinson, Chatterley, Lancaster, John Reeve, and other sons of Momus, now either shelved or laid low in the dust, were also the favourites of the hour, and were nightly required to set the audience in a roar; so that the muse to whom the edifice had been devoted as a temple became compelled to sit pensively on her own shrine, whilst the children of Thespis were enacting the adventures of a *Maid and Moppie*, or eliciting broad grins from the discerning audience. In fact, the few seasons through which the so-named English Opera House struggled, were undistinguished by the production of one legitimate opera. It is true that the terms of the licence compelled Mr. Arnold to introduce three pieces of music in each act of a piece in order to render it nominally, at least, an opera; but poor Peake, the scribe of his day, was then too much in the ascendant to sacrifice his own interest to that of music as a national question, and consequently he continued to produce his *Frankensteins* and his *Amateurs and Actors* without one attempt in the cause of the lyric drama.

The destruction of the theatre by conflagration put an end to the farce. On reconstructing the edifice, Mr. Arnold for the first time thought it might not be amiss to devote it to its legitimate purposes, and to this long-deferred resolution were we indebted for *Nourjahad*, *The Mountain Sylph*, and a few others; but the olden spirit of management was suffered to revive, and the concern broke up in the space of a few seasons. During a sort of commonwealth, however, the sun of propriety did shine for a brief period upon the luckless opera-house. This was on the production of Macfarren's *Devil's Opera*, a work of such merit, that the doors of the establishment were kept open by its attractions for a much longer period than had been anticipated. The famous "Good Night" will long be remembered, and, indeed, must continue to remain a favourite as long as good music has an admirer. Mr. Macfarren afterwards produced, under the auspices of Mr. Bunn, at Drury Lane, his second opera, *Don Quixote*. This was in 1846, and the composition was pronounced to be one of the best comic operas of modern times. From that time this justly-eminent composer has highly distinguished himself by the beauty and variety of his efforts towards the establishment of an English school of music, and, backed as he is by the opinion of the country at large, we have no doubt that in a very brief space the public voice will eventually secure an institution where such men as Macfarren and others may find a fitting sphere for their exertions, and where the English nightingale may warble in rightful compatriotship with foreign song birds. The spread of concert singing and exertions such as have recently been made at various theatres will accelerate the movement, and, figuratively speaking, furnish another instance of the phenomenon mentioned in our opening remarks respecting the formation of substance by the accumulation of atoms.

We have been drawn into the foregoing reflections by the production, on Saturday, the 27th ult., of Macfarren's third complete opera. This was at the Princess's Theatre,



an event that has authenticated the composer's claims to be viewed as one of the masters of his art and one of the founders of a school of national song. The event will form an epoch in the musical history of the country, and is the opening of a new era long hoped for and "lang, lang a comin'."

The opera is a lyrical version, by Desmond Ryan, of Howard Payne's burletta of *Charles the Second*, which, it will be remembered, achieved a highly-popular career at Covent Garden under the management of Charles Kemble. The *libretto* in no material respect departs from the original, and hence it is unnecessary to dwell upon its incidents further than by reminding the reader that they are depictive of the adventures of the merry monarch and his intimate, Rochester, during a visit to Wapping; the first in prosecution of a love affair, and the second in fulfillment of a promise to Queen Kate that he would endeavour to reform her rakish husband. The elements for bustle, frolic, and intrigue are as richly redundant as in either *The Barber of Seville* or *The Marriage of Figaro*; and while giving Mr. Ryan every credit for preserving the humour and interest of the original, we must congratulate Mr. Macfarren on having had such materials to work upon. They have proved fuel to his imagination, and the result is a continuous coruscation of successive gems. It contains some of the most lengthy and elaborate pieces of concerted music to be found in modern opera, is composed after the loftiest existing models, and is calculated to give an impetus to the progress of English dramatic music, and exert a valuable influence over the hopes and prospects of British musicians. The brilliant and effective overture, in C major, is remarkable for clearness and simplicity of outline, and the ingenuity and abundance of the details forming its orchestral combinations, of which Macfarren has proved himself a thorough master. It succinctly illustrates the most striking characteristics of the opera, and overflows in exuberance of gaiety; save in the second theme, where it is relieved by the introduction of a plaintive melody given to the violoncello—the under-stream of sentiment thus furnished has a most delightful effect. The opera opens with a concerted piece, of great length and merit; consisting of a chorus of Ladies of Honour, in G, a short solo for Julian (the Page), a cavatina for the Queen, and a repetition of the chorus. The entire *morceau* was striking, delicious, and effective; particularly the Queen's song, a *larghetto* in E minor. The whole is enlivened with a graceful running passage for the violins, *staccato*, sparkling and pretty. The Queen's "Fare ye well" will become popular, as will "Hail, all hail to pleasure!" a bravura in C, forming the King's first air, and remarkable for the fire and animation with which it expresses the sentiments of the language. This is followed by a duettino for the King and Queen, commencing, "Fear no sorrow." It is in A flat; but beyond being melodious possesses few pretensions. Then came the transcendent melody already spoken of as forming the second theme of the overture, "She shines before me like a star." This is an air in A flat for Julian, and must be pronounced as a model of what a ballad ought to be; it was loudly and deservedly *encored*. The next gem was the cabaletta, "What joy divine," a duet between Rochester and the King; and in the second scene another is presented in a duettino in A flat for Fanny and Julian, "Oh, bless'd are young hearts," which will likewise become universally popular, from the fresh and spontaneous nature of both melody and accompaniments.

The conclusion of the act is occupied by the longest *finale* on record, the length of which is, however, amply warranted by its extraordinary beauties and novel effects. Expressive of striking individualities, it produces a unity of effect that is positively marvellous. The King, in his disguise of a sailor, is being committed to prison for stealing the royal watch. Rochester, Julian, Captain Copp, and Fanny are all animated by different interests, while a party of sailors join in festivity, and produce an *ensemble* unequalled by any effort of the modern lyre—it was productive of a perfect hurricane of applause. A remarkable characteristic of this fine and complicated piece of music is the nationality of several of the introductions, which impart a truly English colouring to the melodies, and remind us of Shield, Dibdin, Arne, and others, without even the semblance of plagiarism. In short, nothing of the kind for length or beauty has ever preceded it. A Maypole dance, admirably arranged by Flexmore, and principally supported by Madame Auriol and himself, concluded the act, after which all the principal vocalists were called before the drop.

One of the weakest introductions of the second act is Captain Copp's ballad, "Nan of Battersea." The next piece is "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" This is a *cavatina* sung by Fanny, and is a triumphant instance of expressive beauty with respect to melody and exquisite finish with regard to the accompaniments. The remaining beauties of which our limits enable us to speak are a canon in D for three voices, "Oh! repentance," a specimen of pure vocal part writing; "There was ne'er known a contrivance," a florid *cavatina* for Julian, in A flat, and in which the Page describes the escape

of Charles from the King's Head, Wapping; it is a *bravura* filled with difficult vocal elaborations, and with the novel ejaculations of curiosity and surprise uttered throughout by Rochester and the Queen produces a dramatic as well as musical effect of the highest order. "Tho' o'er life's pleasures roving" is another charming ballad; it is sung by the King, and is followed by one of the most effective madrigals we have ever heard, "Maidens, would you 'scape undoing?" It is in A, and sung by the King, Queen, Rochester, and Court, without accompaniments. "See where they come" is a *sestett* and chorus in F which also deserves mention, and with the madrigal must become popular. Fanny's charming romance, "A poor simple maiden am I," is another composition deserving of mention. The opera terminates with a short rondo and chorus in C, "Now with fears no more contending," which for brilliance of effect was most admirably calculated for bringing down the curtain with *éclat*. The success of the whole was unequivocal and triumphant. We cannot go into the merits of the artistes by whom the opera was supported, more than by saying that all the applause elicited was deserved. Madame Macfarren, the wife of the composer, was the Julian, and acquitted herself far better than might have been expected under the double trial to which her feelings were subjected as a *débütante*, and a chief supporter of her husband's production. Miss Pyne, as Fanny, proved her title to the laudations which have reached us concerning her efforts elsewhere. Mr. Harrison's King Charles was in his usual style, partaking a little of Captain Macheath and other characters in which he is wont to appear. Mr. H. Corri's Rochester was full of promise. This gentleman announced the piece for repetition until further notice, and Mrs. Macfarren was led before the curtain by Miss Pyne, to receive the acclamations of the audience.

#### STRAND.

The luckiest hit of the season at the Strand Theatre has been made during the past month, in the production of *The Reigning Favourite*, for the purpose of displaying the best powers of the reigning favourites of the establishment, and thus rendering the piece itself a reigning favourite, to the profit of the lessees. Since the management of Mr. Farren, one of the most popular actors of the day, an opportunity has not previously occurred of developing so fully the resources of this little Thespian retreat from the engrossments of business; and we are gratified that the present attempt has been fully appreciated by the public, and earned the completest success. The piece is a translation, by John Oxenford, from one of the innumerable dramas of M. Scribe, who is, in verity, the most redundant scribe of the time. The scene is laid in the year 1730, during the reigns of libertinism and Louis XV., when the high and low were immersed in a similar vortex of vice, and the same tastes depraved both the peasant and the peer. As in all Scribe's productions, plot and intrigue are the prevailing features throughout; and incident succeeds incident in such rapid multiplicity that to furnish more than an outline of the story would be to transcribe the entire *libretto*. Marshal Saxe (Leigh Murray) is the hero, and Adrienne Lecouvreur, the reigning favourite of the Comedie Francaise, is the heroine. The actress is, strange to say, one of the exceptions to the viciousness of the other characters, and the main interest of the drama is kept up by her conflict with those who would undermine her principles, and the perilous, as well as tempting situations into which she is thrown by the nature of her profession. Apparently the victim of sensuality, she preserves her purity throughout. The part was sustained by Mrs. Stirling, with all that truthfulness to nature for which she is so eminent, and she was beautifully supported by Farren as Michonnet, the *regisseur* of the Comedie Francaise, another personage represented as escaping from the moral contagion by which the other characters are tainted. The old *regisseur* is devotedly attached to Adrienne, and in his intensity of affection, and simplicity of heart, imagines the possibility of gaining her love. The piece opens in the *foyer* of the theatre, where the actress is studying her part, and Michonnet approaches with a view to make known his sentiments, when he finds to his dismay that the young Count de Saxe is already in possession of her heart, which he has gained under the disguise of a lieutenant, although he has devoted himself previously to the Princess de Bouillon (Mrs. Leigh Murray), who offers to aid certain designs upon the duchy of Courland, in return for the gratification of her guilty passion. Bent upon carrying on this intrigue, the princess appoints to meet the count in the house of her husband's mistress, at which place the prince (Mr. Diddar) on the same evening invites the company of the Comedie Francaise to supper, under the supposition that it is the mistress whom Saxe is about to meet, and with the consequent intention of exposing the woman's imaginary infidelity. The husband makes his appearance at the moment when Saxe and the princess are having their interview, and the prince, naturally

mistaking the receding figure to be that of the mistress, pretends to forgive the affront the moment Saxe declares himself ready to give the usual satisfaction, which he does, under the impression, of course, that the real truth has been discovered. In this scene Adrienne detects the true rank of her admirer, who is in turn naturally surprised at finding in such a place one professing so much virtue. He hastens to assure her that the lady he has arrived to meet is not the mistress of Prince de Bouillon, but one of reputation and rank, and he implores Adrienne to aid in the escape of the fair *incognita*, whilst he retires to keep the guests at a distance. The lights are extinguished that the lady may retire unrecognised, and Saxe leaves the room. The actress proceeds to fulfil her mission, but each lady is jealous of the other as an object of the count's attachment, and a scene of recrimination takes place, until the princess puts an end to it by escaping through a secret panel. This she effects without any recognition taking place, and the incident closes the act with considerable effect. In the act succeeding, the guilty princess declares her resolution of tracking her unknown rival until discovered, and then to convey to her a poisoned bouquet, the perfume of which first attacks reason, and then existence itself. Meanwhile the fair Thespian is engaged to give a series of dramatic recitations from Racine and Corneille, at the palace of the Prince de Bouillon, and a discovery is the consequence between the rivals, which gives rise to a renewal of their wordy contest, Adrienne exposing the conduct of the princess by satirically applying the language of a recitation from *Phedre* to the character of the base and unblushing princess. At the conclusion her over-wrought feelings occasion her to swoon, and on her recovery she commands Saxe to follow her home; but he is prevented by the princess, who directs him to remain. Tortured and despairing, she returns to her own habitation, accompanied by the faithful *regisseur*. She there receives a casket, represented as coming from the count, and on opening it discovers a bouquet. She first kisses it, and then flings it into the flames, under a sudden revulsion of feeling. Saxe himself now enters, and after declaring the true manner in which he has been enmeshed by the princess, vows that if he succeeds in gaining the duchy, he will make his actress-love his bride. Her joy at this accelerates the poison—madness, and then death, ensues, and, in the midst of incoherent protestations of lasting love she expires before the eyes of Saxe and Michonnet, whose convulsed laugh over the corpse of his pupil and patron was as thrilling in effect as had been the previous display of emotion by Mrs. Stirling. All the parts were admirably sustained, and the appointments first-rate, and such was the success of the first representation that *The Reigning Favourite* has proved in result, as well as title, a reigning favourite ever since.

### MARYLEBONE.

This western temple of Thalia and Melpomene continues to flourish beneath the laurels of success which are nightly fanned by the favouring breezes of desert. During October it proceeded on the same principles which we spoke of in our last as having distinguished the preceding month. One of the principal attractions has been the production of Charles Kemble's play of *The Point of Honour*, which is a translation from Mercier's *Le Deserteur*. The plot is well known, and the main interest rests upon the chivalric feeling of the hero, Durimal (Mr. Davenport), who having been sentenced to death for resenting by a blow the insult of a civilian, and then quitting his regiment, refuses the means of escape rather than forfeit the pledge of his father, who has been answerable for his safe custody. A love story is of course interwoven with these materials, and it is by a rival he is betrayed. Bertha (Miss Fanny Vining), who is the object of his affections, procures his pardon by appealing to the feelings of the colonel, and all ends happily. The piece is seldom revived, but may always be rendered interesting by acting such as that displayed by the supporters of the principal characters, whom we have already named. Nothing could surpass the intensity of emotion they awakened in the auditors, and at the fall of the curtain they were each loudly summoned. The popular piece of *Portunio and his Seven Gifted Servants* has also been represented in all its original splendour; together with the favourite operatic farce of *The Poor Soldier*. During the past week the admirable play of *Armand* once more introduced Mrs. Mowatt as the heroine of her own play, and we need not add with her accustomed success. The lady in question performed with all her original spirit, and was ably supported by Mr. Davenport. Each night they were called before the curtain. On Monday evening last a new play was announced; but as our work was then at press we are compelled to defer a notice until our next. The theatre has been well attended nightly, and we have no reason to doubt a continuance of its prosperity.

## THE LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

As many Wednesday concerts as you please, Mr. Stammers. You have announced a series of fifteen, but we care not how many you may add by way of supplement. The concert-room is a temple for the soul, in which it is impossible for any but the purest and loftiest impressions to be created; and to the honour of poetry be it said, that song, as sung in public places, is inductive of none but the noblest sentiments and emotions. Unlike general literature, it never steps aside from its purpose to appeal to evil passions, awaken jealousy, hatred, and revenge; or to rouse party spirit and widen the breaches of political faction. Its themes are love, friendship, piety, patriotism, fortitude, loyalty, pity, charity, and every other kindly and excellent sentiment by which the human breast is animated. Its truths and lessons are conveyed by the medium of sounds to the melody of which nothing in the entire range of acoustics is at all comparable. Its language, however simple, must be select and elegant, or it will not find toleration. It educates, improves, instructs, and charms, and yet the listener fancies that he is merely pleased; so that song may be viewed as a good genius in disguise—tendering delight, but bestowing therewith the best gifts of humanity. Were musical professors sufficiently numerous, we should be glad to hear of as many concert-rooms as there are schools, chapels, and churches. The branches of education in which we chiefly take pleasure must be more efficacious than those affording less gratification; and hence, could the increasing taste for music be catered for with sufficient amplitude, the philanthropist might at length be encouraged to look with certainty for the establishment of peace and good will throughout all civilisation, and the nineteenth century chronicle one more title of honour acquired by imperial man.

To Mr. Stammers is justly due the merit of having commenced this great movement. The million required a Hanover-square concert-room for themselves, and he opened one at Exeter Hall; to which not only the million, but the heads of the million, have ever since flocked. The best singers, the best instrumentalists, and the best compositions alone were selected; and such was the enthusiasm created by measures of such liberality and magnitude, that no less than two supplementary seasons were added to the first, each one surpassing its predecessor. On Wednesday, the 24th ult., the first concert of a new series of fifteen was given. The enterprising *impresario* had succeeded in surrounding himself with all the best available talent, and such was the attraction of the programme that the hall was crowded. The orchestra was as usual led by Mr. Willy; Mr. Land has been engaged as accompanist; Mr. Anschuez officiates as conductor and composer; and the three gentlemen named unite in the musical direction of the entertainment. Signor Ronconi and Herr Formes have been added to the list of old favourites. The first part consisted principally of selections from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, certainly not the finest of his inspirations, but sufficiently charming to perpetuate its popularity. The overture was well played, and the trio "Già fan ritorno," was then very ably sung by the Misses A. and M. Williams and Mrs. A. Newton. The aria "O cara imagine," was next rendered very effectively, and Mrs. A. Newton followed with singular felicity in the aria "Gli angui d'inferno," with a flute obligato by M. Ribas. This was loudly encored. Herr Formes now gave the canzonetta "Qui sdegno;" his reception was rapturous, and he gained considerable applause. The fine quintette "Dove, ohimè," was next sung by the Misses A. and M. Williams and Eyles, and Messrs. Lockey and Smythson. The above selections were succeeded by a series of passages from *La Sonnambula* on the grand pianoforte, and executed by Miss Ward. Mrs. A. Newton and Signor Ronconi now gave the duo "Il pallor," from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Ronconi was received as the English alone receive their favourites, and it was evident by the applause which followed that he was viewed as a valuable acquisition. The next encore of the evening was Benedict's "By the sad sea waves," deliciously sang by Miss Poole. Herr Formes followed in Lindpaintner's "Standard Bearer;" and the Misses Williams then elicited a re-demand, by their delightful delivery of Mendelssohn's exquisite duet, "O wert thou in the cauld blast." Ronconi, in Rossini's time-famous "Largo al Factotum," occasioned a tumult of applause. The scherzo and wedding march from *Midsummer Night's Dream* followed, and the first part was appropriately wound up with "God save the Queen," to the waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the audience.

Part the second was preceded by Macfarren's overture to *Don Quixote*, and commenced with Bishop's glee, "Blow, gentle gales," effectively sung by the Misses Williams and Messrs. Lockey, Land, and Smythson. This was followed by Miss Poole, in the favourite Scotch song "Comin' thro' the rye." She was *encored*, and re-delivered it with increased effect. Bishop's "Home, sweet Home," was next sung with extra-

ordinary sweetness and pathos by Miss M. Williams; after which Ronconi and Formes joined in interpreting the "Suoni la Tromba," from Bellini's *Puritani*. This was expected to prove a high treat, and as far as the vocalists were concerned the audience was not disappointed; but we cannot compliment the band on the completeness and exactitude of its orchestral accompaniments. Nevertheless, all defects were good-naturedly overlooked, and the performance saluted with favour and applause. Moore's Irish melody, "The Minstrel Boy," next levied contribution on the plaudits of the audience; it was most effectively sung by Mr. Lockey; as was Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingari," by Mrs. Newton. A great effect was produced by the succeeding piece, an orchestral *pot-pourri*, arranged from Spohr's *Jessonda*. The superb style in which it was performed may be conceived when we state that the soloists were—flute, M. Ribas; oboe, Mr. Nicholson; clarinet, Mr. Maycock; bassoon, Mr. Baumann; horn, Mr. Jarrett; and trumpet, Mr. T. Harper. It was composed expressly for these concerts by Anschuetz, and was received with a tumult of applause. The concert concluded with a scena from Donizetti's *La Straniera*, by Ronconi; Holmes's duet, "The Swiss Maidens," by the Misses Williams; Speyer's "My Heart's on the Rhine," magnificently sung by Herr Formes; and Glover's little song, "The Cavalier," by Miss Poole. Auber's overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze* was the *finale*, and dismissed the numerous auditory highly gratified.

### BURFORD'S PANORAMA.

Dynasties fall and kingdoms are upset; theatres open and close; and exhibition follows exhibition in endless succession; but whatever the mutations of such affairs, they seem to possess no influence on the Panoramas of Mr. Burford, which appear destined to remain coeval with Leicester-square itself. With the exception of the Colosseum and one or two other places, we have no parallel to the continuous success of this place; in all seasons it is open throughout the entire year, and its only change is the change of pictures, which periodically renews the attraction to the place. It forms one of the landmarks of the sight-seer, and not to visit Burford's would be considered an almost heinous omission in travellers from the country. We strongly recommend the curious and the lovers of the fine arts not to miss the opportunity of visiting the panoramas now on view, as we have received intimation that something new is on the *tapis*, and it would be a real loss not previously to witness that charming realisation of Moore's description of the Vale of Cashmere, or the life-like embodiment of Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." These are scenes of historical interest, and educate the mind while they delight the eye. Mr. Burford is in a manner a public benefactor, and as an artist reflects honour upon his country. It is truly pleasing to see him so thoroughly appreciated, and we trust that his career of success will never be diminished.

### MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

In every age, and in all climes, it has been the practice of mankind to perpetuate the deeds, heroic or otherwise, of noted individuals, by carving their images in some enduring substance, and thus rendering them a perpetual cynosure for wondering eyes. This passion exists without being influenced by condition or locality; we see it in the wild Zealander and the dark Hindoo; the land of the magi carries it to a colossal extent, and, wherever refinement is found to spread its blessings amid a community, the art of modelling the human form has always been cultivated to the utmost. Of this the examples of Greece and Rome furnish irresistible evidence. By them heroism and virtue were perpetuated in imperishable marble, and to this hour the eyes of the living may feast upon the illustrious dead, and there kindle an emulative feeling of a beneficial tendency. But in our times the modern Pantheon is constructed of less durable materials. Praxiteles chiselled marble, Tussaud moulds wax; and, although the works of the former will last longer, it is a question whether the intrinsic value of the latter be not more popular. We can appreciate the Phidean art, that transmits to posterity a human "face and form divine," but we nevertheless feel that the sculptor has spiritualised his subject, and the mind becomes prone to long for something more real. We speak, of course, of the general, and as that forms the majority of a people, its prejudices demand attention. Madame Tussaud meets the requisitions of popular taste; she presents the familiar characters of the age in their familiar forms; costume, occupation, and rank, are gathered at a glance; and a single visit to her famous exhibition renders us acquainted with every illustrious or notorious personage belonging to the history of present times.



Her waxen imagery may not endure the brunt of ages, like the sculptured works of which we have spoken, but the life-like fidelity with which it meets the gaze sufficiently atones for this, and gives more real satisfaction than could possibly be conveyed by any similar exhibition in stone. People like to study the countenances of those who are talked about, and it is only through mediums such as these that they can be gratified. No sooner is an illustrious action performed, or does a man become eminent, than the artist's skill introduces him to the populace by whom he may be gazed at without inconvenience, and kept continually present without fatigue. A sculptor would require time for such a task, but the modeller executes it whilst impressions are yet warm, and thus is enabled to gratify the existing generation, while the carver of stone is producing his work for posterity.

We have said enough to exemplify the real importance of a place like the wax-work exhibition of Madame Tussaud. It may be considered as a temporary studio for the preservation before the public eye of modern celebrities. Our sculptors will provide for coming generations; in the meantime every admirer of greatness will have an opportunity of contemplating its semblance at the attractive resort now under notice. The mere perusal of its catalogue yields a large amount of the most interesting information, and a morning spent beneath its roof may be more delightfully and profitably employed than in nine out of ten of the other exhibitions.

### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

In the absence of half London from town, and during the panic into which the other half have been thrown by the alarming spread of the epidemic then thinning the numbers of the population, it is not to be expected that our public exhibitions could add much novelty to their attractions until the holiday season had fully set in. Nevertheless, those families whom circumstances compelled to remain in the Metropolis, have not been without the useful recreation which chastens while it enlivens and improves the mind without undue excitement. In this particular the Polytechnic Institution is of more value than any similar establishment. You may there seek refuge from the prevailing gloom without undergoing the violence of excitement, and relax the mind while actually strengthening it by what is seen and heard. Such a place can never fail in attracting, and we are gratified to say that during the month the Polytechnic has been a complete public lounge. The selection has consisted of the dissolving views of Rome; a lecture on the hydro-electric machine, with experimental illustrations, an exhibition of the oxy-hydrogen microscope, the diver and the diving-bell, the chromatope, and lectures on models and machinery. We learn that additions of great importance are about to be added.

### ARGYLL SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS,

These spacious and superb rooms were on Wednesday, the 17th ult. for the first time thrown open for the season, and long ere the hour advertised for admission numbers of persons were collected to witness the arrival of the company expected to attend; and the presence of upwards of two thousand persons, among whom were several noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, must have warmed the hearts of the spirited proprietors of certainly the most magnificent room in the United Kingdom. The ceiling is unique and chaste beyond description, the mass of gilding harmonising in pure and elegant taste with a pink and white ground, and mounted with rosettes, richly picked out with gold elaborately yet judiciously distributed. The walls are covered with a paper of warm and grand appearance, consisting of pink and gold, relieved with pilasters, gorgeous mirrors, and groups from all the principal and popular ballets well known to opera-goers. This masterpiece of artistic excellence has been executed by Mr. G. F. Bryer, the talented decorator; and be it told to his credit, that none but English hands have been employed in any department from the commencement to the completion of the work. The musical arrangements were committed to the able management of Mr. Laurent, jun., and were certainly the perfection of spirit and harmony. The national anthem was played with astounding effect at the opening and completion of the entertainment, and although upwards of two thousand persons were present, the unqualified order maintained was such as to inspire the impression more of a private *réunion* in a fashionable mansion than of a public assembly-room. There are several little alterations we noticed which require attention, such as better ventilation, which we are glad to hear are to be immediately carried out.



## CASINO DE VENICE.

Our sentiments on the question of the casinos are well known, and we have viewed with indignation the senseless and bigoted crusade that for a long time past has been carried on by treacherous informers and pliant magistrates against these popular sources of recreation and entertainment. In the name of common sense we would ask where lies the distinction between "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" at Willis's Rooms, and at the elegant hall erected for winter amusement at the Holborn baths? Is aristocracy immaculate? Has the touch of the hand at the casinos more profanity than the interlacing of fingers at Almack's? Is the air of Holborn more prejudicial to morals than that of St James's?—or are the middle classes a race to be debarred by position from participating in pleasures which ought to be common to all? Forbid it, justice!—Forbid it, human rights!

Science and experience have established the fact that exercise is essential to health, morality, and cheerfulness. Now where are the masses of our huge Babylon to seek for exercise during the winter months? From daybreak till dusk they are occupied at their places of business in downright imprisonment. Small and crowded shops and offices are their retreats, and when night arrives they are ready to sink from absolute languor! Can they visit Vauxhall, and other scenes of open-air resort? No; because the inclemency of the weather forbids it. Can they go into the fields? Certainly not; because those lie too far off, and are not in a condition for perambulation. It is obvious, then, that the most rational scene for exercise is the ball-room, where the frame may become invigorated by dance, the spirits enlivened by music, and the kindly intercourses of friendship be carried on under a *surveillance* that cannot fail of ensuring decorum and propriety. The doors of the casinos are not closed against fathers, or mothers, or husbands, or sweethearts; and conducted as were the leading institutions of this description during last winter, nothing of a contaminating nature was to be feared. Young folks, middle-aged, and sometimes the elderly, preferred a night at the festive scenes of which we speak to one within the narrow limits of their own apartments; but they took care to carry with them the decorous observances of home; and in scanning the police cases of the period we find far fewer instances of impropriety than those arising at the inferior theatres, or the nest of saloons which infest the Metropolis. Why, then, we repeat, the unmeasured hostility against the casinos? Shall we suggest the cause? We will. *It is the enlightening nature of Terpsichorean pastimes.* People who dance find out that life has enjoyments from which they are shut out by their rulers, and they begin to speak of equal privileges. This carries mind into action, and then monopoly and exclusiveness totter. But a policy actuated by such considerations is of the most short-sighted description. A community of requirement does not demand a community of property. If a man admire the apple that another eats, he does not require a share of it; but he says, "Let me have an apple of my own. Gather the fruits of your own orchard; but if I can purchase equal produce elsewhere, let me not be denied the privilege of doing so. The parings need not be flung on your dish; nor need the core stick in your gizzard." But such reasoning will not suffice; the human breast is swayed by selfishness. What may be enjoyed unshared is a luxury; but no sooner does it become common than it grows unpalatable. Fastidiousness like this is intolerable—nay, more, tyrannical. As well deny sunshine to the insect, earth to the mole, air to the eagle, or water to the fish. All things are created in common for the use of animated nature, from the mite to the mammoth, up to man himself; and that a community of enjoyment in artificial matters should be longer suffered to create dissatisfaction with a select few, is a crying evil that loudly demands a remedy. Our warmth upon the question has hurried us into a disquisition rather than the notice we had taken the pen to indite; but by giving expression to our sentiments we have sufficiently moderated our feelings to be enabled to congratulate the public, and the proprietors of the Holborn Casino, on the re-opening of that elegant and well-conducted establishment. By bold and effectual measures it has been duly licensed, and the respectable portion of the population are provided with another public meeting-place where a harmless dance and a lively strain will not convert them into offenders against the laws. Let us hope that those who congregate there will set such an example as shall shame our rulers into increased toleration next year. The place is magnificently decorated and nightly thronged; whilst the band and musical selections are unimpeachable.

# LITERARY MIRROR.

## REMARKABLE THEOREMS IN COMPOUND INTEREST.

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BENEFIT BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETIES.**

Published (price 6s.) by J. W. Parker, 445, West Strand.

In a valuable work lately published by the eminent Actuary, Mr. Scratchley, M.A., of the Western Life Office, we find the following curious properties deduced by him respecting the *doubling of money* at compound interest:—

When a sum of money increases to double its value by the accumulation of compound interest, the analytical investigations assume a peculiar form, from which the following theorems have been deduced as bearing on the system of many Building Societies.

- 1.—For all rates of interest not exceeding 10 per cent.:—*The number of years in which a single sum will become double in amount by the accumulation of compound interest, may be found in round numbers by dividing 70 by the rate of interest per cent., and taking that whole number which is nearest to the quotient obtained.*

The accuracy of this theorem may be judged of by Table 7, but the property is valuable as furnishing a simple rule, and one easily remembered. Thus:

If the rate of interest be 2 per cent. } then the number of years will be }  $\frac{1}{2}$  nearly, or 35 years

2 per cent.	will be	nearly, or 35 years
3½ "	"	20
5 "	"	14
7 "	"	10
10 "	"	7

which agree with the whole numbers given by the table.

- 2.—If a sum of money be borrowed for such a time, that if unpaid it would become doubled by the accumulation of compound interest, then the debtor can liquidate his debt with interest in that time, by an annuity equal to twice one year's interest on the sum borrowed:—If the time be a certain number of years and days, the last payment of the debtor will be a fractional portion of the year's annuity, proportionate to the fractional number of days.

Thus, if £60 be borrowed for fourteen years (which is the time in which money will double at 5 per cent.), then the debt can be repaid (including principal and interest at 5 per cent.) by an annuity at the rate of £6 a year, or 10s. a month—since £3 is the interest on £60 at 5 per cent.—this explains the principle of Building Societies established for fourteen years.

The extension of the above theorems to the use of money increasing to several times its original value is even more remarkable. It is found that:—If a sum of money be borrowed for such a time, that (if unpaid it would amount to  $f$ -fold its original value) then the annuity which would pay it off, principal and interest in that time, is equal to  $f$  divided by  $f$  less one times one year's interest on the debt.

The accuracy of the theorem requires that the intervals at which the instalments of the annuity are paid should be aliquot parts of the whole period over which it extends. When the interval is small, as in the case of *monthly* payments, the formula may be applied without reservation, and differs by an inappreciable quantity from the truth; and even for *yearly* payments the error is practically of no importance.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Peter Jackson, London.

The elegancies of modern life consist in a realisation of poetry, romance, and tales of enchantment. Fairy tales are as old as any other branch of mythology, and artists emulous of courting the favour of rank and royalty have invariably in their works endeavoured to embody the descriptions contained in those time-hallowed records. Hence the numberless beautifully-tinted and gorgeous articles which form the *bijouterie* of the great; and in all of which may be traced a resemblance to some description in the "Arabian Nights," or other fanciful volume, which treats of carpets of crimson silk, articles of furniture manufactured of amber, gilded toys, and implements in common use ornamented with precious stones. At first such things were described as only to be witnessed in the courts of Oberon, Titania, and the genii of the orientals. We then hear of them in the palaces of earthly kings; of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; and next the sovereigns of European countries decorate their chambers with rival magnificence. Still the majority of the human race knew nothing of such matters, save as described to them, until the enterprise of our modern era arose and stimulated speculators to tempt, at a moderate price, the community at large with the splendours hitherto monopolised by affluence. Such is the case with the gorgeous volume before us. Time was, when reading a description of Queen Mab's library, and of the volumes in rose-coloured binding, enriched with gold, which contained the most delightful collection of "beautiful pictures," we sighed to think that all was ideal. But here the dream is a thing of truth. The work is on our table, flashing out in gold and purple. Turning its leaves, we meet with tale and legend, and song and ballad, and lay and metrical romance, and thought and fancy, which might while away the period of another decameron; and which cannot be perused without cultivation of the intellect, refinement of the taste, and decided improvement to the philanthropic tones of humanity. But what shall we say of the illustrations? It is impossible to employ more emphatic expressions than one we heard from the lips of a young lady, who was present when we unclosed the covers. "You term this Art! Is Nature half as beautiful?" was her expression. We were about to chide the speaker for her slur upon the goddess and designer of all that is beautiful and glorious; but recollecting that the limner had treasured in the "Scrap-book" only such scenes as are *caviare* to the general eye, we were satisfied with reminding her of the trite truism, that by the concentration of beauties defects were excluded, and that where artists appeared trivial nature herself was only when they succeeded in most closely delineating her own gems.

"Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" traces its lineage from the old "Forget-me-not" of Ackermann, which gave rise to the numerous family of the "Annuaux."

But these were all too small in size to suit an extensive drawing-room or *boudoir*, and hence the series by Fisher and Co. became projected. The editorship was formerly committed to the superintendence of ladies—fair children of the lyre who sung with Sappho. Amongst these we remember the name of Mrs. Norton, whose genius flashed over the pages of the book, and gleamed through its contents like the brilliant veins of crystalline stones. But the lutes are silent of which we speak—to be, we trust, again awakened—and the present editor is Mr. Charles Mackay, a gentleman whose talents and good qualities adorn society at large. As a poet, his reputation stands upon a lasting basis; and as a true friend of the human race, his own writings have spread his name throughout the entire republic of letters. It was he who wrote the famous national ballad of "There's a good time coming;" and if ever man was calculated to accelerate the approach of that period, Charles Mackay is the one. We, therefore, hail with undisguised satisfaction his accession to the literary throne of the "Scrap-Book." He has done his part nobly, and the selections he has made are from the first writers, and all perfect of their kind. Several of the emanations of his own muse adorn the pages, and from beginning to end will be found a fund of thought sufficient for the desultory requirements of the mind throughout the entire winter.

Our intention was to have specified such of the plates as most demanded attention; but on turning over the thirty-six highly-finished engravings of which we speak, we find it impossible to make a selection without slighting the rest. They form a feast for the eyes, and represent scenes, places, things, and persons of the utmost variety. The view of the "Festival of the Dragon Boat, in China," is one of the finest engravings we ever saw; and "The Beauties of the Prado of Madrid" another. "The Fair Deceiver" is an exquisite sketch, as are the opening plates of "Cheerfulness" and "The Shipwreck." "The Harp of Erin" is another gem of both the pencil and the graver; whilst "The Grave of Pride" is alone worth the entire price of the book. "The Offered Flower" is

another fine piece of workmanship; but we cannot say as much for "Serenity," as the lady is rather slovenly in her dress. Several portraits of high value are to be found, as well as views of public edifices of historical interest. "The English Girl" is truly exquisite, and so are the lines which accompany the portrait, and which we are tempted to quote:—

#### "THE ENGLISH GIRL."

Give, oh! give us English welcomes,  
We'll forgive the English skies;  
English homes and English manners,  
And the light of English eyes.  
Give us for our props in peril,  
English valour, pith, and stress;  
And for wives sweet English maidens,  
Radiant in their loveliness.

Foreign tastes perchance may differ,  
On our virtues or our laws;  
But who sees an English matron,  
And withholds his deep applause?  
Who beholds an English matron,  
Bright and modest, fair and free—  
And denies the willing tribute  
Of a fond idolatry?

Lovely are the maids of Rhine laud,  
Glowing are the maids of Spain—  
French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians,  
Woo our homage—not in vain—  
But for Beauty to enchant us,  
And for Virtue to enthrall,  
Give our hearts the girls of England,  
Dearer—better than them all."

We would fain quote further specimens, but have already given our reason for not doing so. We cannot conclude, however, without commending the beauty of the printing, which is a first-rate specimen of typography. The paper is of the finest description, and the entire quarto a credit to the firm that has published it.

#### THE JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK. Edited by Mrs. Milner. Peter Jackson.

In binding, embellishment, illustration, and contents, this dazzling octavo is in all respects a miniature of the "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book." There is this difference, however, that the bulk of its matter is in prose, which we think judicious, as the work is intended for juvenile readers. Everybody knows the capability of Mrs. Milner to cater for the young: she knows how to approach heart, understanding, and principles, and we should feel no hesitation in recommending any production from her pen, even before we had perused it, so satisfied are we that every line she writes is conceived for the best of purposes. The plates are sixteen in number, and each illustrative of an article in prose or verse, varying from grave to gay, and including the moral, the poetic, and the sublime. Of these the opening tale of "Florence de Vers" is one of the best, and may be read with profit and delight by adults as well as the young. The plates are all exquisite, and that entitled "The Only Son," most laughable. Last, not least, the typography is in the same style of superiority as that on which we bestowed our encomiums when reviewing "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," and the work is admirably calculated for what it is termed on the title-page, a *gage d'amour* for the young. "The Evening Hymn" at the close deserves quotation, but we must debar ourselves from that gratification for want of space.

#### RUINS OF MANY LANDS. Tegg and Co.

This is the second edition of a very popular work; and the fact of its re-issue is sufficiently indicative of the estimation in which it is held. It is seldom that poetry is rendered subservient to the purposes of instruction, but in this instance Mr. Nicholas Michell, the talented author of the work before us, has accomplished the task with surpassing power, and in a poem of lofty merit has thrown a light upon the history of the early period such as completely chases away the obscurity of the past, and renders the reader familiar with the habits, customs, and chronicles of the most remote ages. He is

as familiar with the lore of the past as is a hard newspaper reader with the current topics of the day, and speaks as familiarly of the doings of yore, and the characters who flourished when time was young, as a well-informed gossip does of the various public men who are occupied in carrying on the great game of life. We had considered the first edition to be complete, but have been agreeably surprised to find that in again coming before the public it is with an accession of stores of the utmost value. We quote the following announcement from the preface :—

"Aware," says the author, "that in the poem, as first published, many of the descriptions were exceedingly brief, while the information conveyed was scanty, we have wished not only thoroughly to revise it, but to make additions; these additions principally consist of the introduction of remarks on the discoveries made by Mr. Layard, on the site of Nineveh; of an extended space being given, both as regards the poetry and notes, to the ruins in Nubia and Egypt,—a chronological table of the reigns of the Pharaohs having been compiled from the best authorities with much care; of more ample observations relative to the ruined cities of Central America, the Rock-Temples of India, and the classic antiquities of Greece and Italy; while the very interesting remains in the South of France are now described, and additional notices given of the ruins on the African coast and in the Holy Land."

The preface concludes with some excellent remarks on the study of antiquity; and after a finely-written introductory stanza, the poet launches into his first book, and conducts his reader through the ruins of the dark era, including Babylon, Nineveh, Petra, Nubia, Egypt, the ruined cities of America, and the Rock-Temples of Ellora, Elephanta, &c., in India. The notes to this book are full of value, and contain the essence of many bulky volumes. Book II. is devoted to the ruins of the classic era, and treats of Athens, Corinth, the Ruined Theatre near Epidaurus, Mycenæ, the ruins of Sparta, Marathon, the ruins of old Bœotian cities, the ruins of Mounts Helicon and Parnassus, the Greek Isles, remains of the field of Troy, Rome and its environs, the Temple of Vesta, or the Sibyl, at Tibur, Cumæ, Virgil's tomb, ruins near the Bay of Naples, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, temples of Pæstum, Roman amphitheatres at Pola and Verona, and the Roman remains at Vienne, Crange, Arles, Nîmes, &c., in the South of France. Book III. is devoted to the ruins of the miscellaneous ages, and is occupied by dissertations upon Carthage, Ephesus, Tyre, Baalbec, Palmyra, the towers of Persian fire-worshippers, Ctesiphon and Seleucia, the ruined palace of Khosru, the mounds of Susa, Persepolis, Jericho, the ruins of Geraza, in Gilead, the ruined towns of Galilee, Samaria, the tombs of Abraham and Rachael, and Jerusalem. Seldom, indeed, does a single volume contain so diffused an amount of information. It is a perfect treasury of knowledge, conveyed in the most delightful form; and we not only recommend it as a work of high genius that will well repay perusal, but as a work for constant reference. We are decidedly of opinion that no library will be complete without it.

MOUNT ETNA, TAORMINA, AND MOLA. From the ancient Theatre. Lithographed (by F. W. Hulme) from the picture, by William Linton, painted for Richard Elison, Esq., of Sudbrooke Holme, near Lincoln.

The lithographer has done justice to Mr. Linton's picture, which is beautifully painted, and represents a scene of unsurpassed magnificence and interest. Far in the distance, Etna, with its white peak and its vast spreading slopes, rises with a thin thread of vapour curling from its summit. It is placed at so great a distance that the vineyards, woods, fields, gardens, mansions, churches, villages, even the towns, are lost to sight, so that there is nothing to divert our contemplation from the majestic mountain, clearly defined against a bright but cloud-patched sky. A narrow belt of vapour hangs half way down between the peak and the base, impressing us forcibly with the idea of Etna's grandeur. It here appears as nothing but a bare mountain, rising at its summit into a peak, and spreading at its base into a verdant plain, yet it is inexpressibly grand and beautiful. But there are other features in the landscape. On the right, on a lofty, stony hill, is the village of Mola; below, and skirting a huge castellated rock, old Taormina extends its picturesque mass of buildings, with magnificent groves around, and stately ruins beneath. In the immediate foreground many incidents of interest are introduced: a woman and a man, tending sheep, occupy the verge of a dark hollow; beyond this the remains of temples, aqueducts, and baths appear, but above all the arched and pillared wreck of an ancient theatre speaks of the former magnificence of the city, and the graceful taste of classic times, when theatres were not huddled amid a mass of hideous buildings, but reared on sites around which spread, as in the instance before us, a landscape of more grandeur than any which the fancy could create. A wild, broken



surface stretches to the extreme left, when the eye, gazing forward, rests on the blue, placid sea, sleeping in unrippled brightness in that noble bay. Far beyond, the site of ancient Syracuse and fortress of Epipolæ are visible. Following the sweeping shore, we discover a bold but low promontory, whereon stands a little town; beyond which the corn-growing plain of Catania extends its verdant surface. Down by the water's edge is the village of Giardini; and that the placid sea may bear features of life upon its face, a few white-sailed barques are scattered here and there upon it. Mr. Linton has chosen an admirable subject, and one which allowed him free scope to display the unequalled power of his vigorous but delicate pencil. A classic air seems to breathe over the landscape: its variety is great, but all is blended together, and the general result is a soft, unbroken harmony—a scene rich in beauty, stored with the associations of the past, and one which calls up visions of long ago before the mind. Progressing from the left, continuing along the foreground to the right, and pushing forward to Etna, thence to the far out-jutting promontory and the rock of Syracuse, and thence upon the sea, the eye cannot fail to be impressed with the loveliness of the scene, and the mind must at once be struck with the high talent of the artist. We first proceed over a rough, rocky shore, which changes into a deep valley, with dark hollows and hoary ruins; thence through broad green groves we emerge into the streets of Torominium, and mount the towering rocks above. These soften down into a rugged hill, and this slopes away, and is lost in the space dividing Etna from the foreground. Then up the vast ridges of the fiery mountain the gaze extends; but the mountain quickly softens in a slope, growing dim in the distance, until it appears to melt away into the ocean or the sky. Calm, unruffled, the sea seems to heave gently in one vast wave upon the shore, whilst we almost feel the balmy breeze that fills the sails of those little barques. Altogether, this is a noble work of art. Had Mr. Linton not already secured himself the first place among classic landscape painters, this would have secured him the distinction. There is in it a rich combination of beauties. Those desolate ruins have poetry about them. Bold, majestic Etna, so distant, so lovely, so grand, rivets the attention upon its white head and its wide, silent slopes, sweeping away in such soft grandeur that the eye appears to see more than is in reality painted. Altogether, this is, we say, a magnificent picture; it will be placed in a private collection, but we hope to see some others similar to it in a public repository of art. The public should be allowed to enjoy the real pleasure which paintings of this kind can afford. Meanwhile the lithograph will in itself be eagerly sought for. The last exhibition of the Royal Academy did not, in our opinion, present a work, from any pencil, superior to the Mount Etna of Mr. Linton. We advise all those who declaim on the extinction of classic art in England to first view the rich landscapes that adorn his studio.

GUY'S LEARNER'S POETIC TASK BOOK. Cradock and Co.

This is undeniably one of the best books for the young ever issued from the press. It consists of poetic selections from all the best modern writers, and is calculated to form the mind, correct the morals, improve the understanding, and delight the imagination. Even to adults it will form a delightful little volume; and many useful lessons may be learned of the utmost value. Poets of all countries have been pressed into service, but as there are no original pieces introduced, there is no necessity for extract.

REMINISCENCES OF TWELVE MONTHS' SERVICE IN NEW ZEALAND. By Lieutenant H. J. McKillop, R.N. Bentley, 1849.

NEW ZEALAND: A Lecture. By a Young Missionary. With an Appendix. London: Sampson Low, 169, Fleet-street, 1849.

Lieutenant McKillop's volume is an interesting narrative of adventures and incidents in New Zealand, written in a plain, but lively and agreeable manner, interspersed with much information, and some excellent anecdotes illustrative of native character and British rule. The episodes of the war are well described; the peculiarities of the various hostile chieftains being drawn with even graphic fidelity. The book is unpretending, and of course slight, but deserves nevertheless to be popular from the amusement it affords, and the numerous valuable and little-known facts it contains compressed into so small a compass. We can recommend it to our readers as an excellent volume, every way worthy of their attention. Some very judicious observations on emigration and the capabilities of New Zealand as a field for colonisation are made, which confer on Lieutenant McKillop's book a value which it would not otherwise possess.

The Young Missionary's Lecture—any profits arising from which are to be devoted to the promotion of the New Zealand Mission—deserves particular attention, from the excellent manner in which, we may really say, an immense amount of information has



been condensed into so small a compass. It is indeed a compendium of important facts connected with one of the most valuable of our possessions. The appendix on the history, geographical importance, population, and present state of the island, will be found exceedingly useful. The object of the lecture, its substance, the ability it displays, and the information it contains all recommend it strongly and favourably to our notice. It will doubtless have a wide circulation, its price being only sixpence.

**PRACTICE IN GERMAN.** Adapted for self instruction. Containing the first three chapters of "Undine;" a tale by De la Motte Fouqué; with a literal interlinear translation, and copious notes. By Falck Lebahn. London: Whittaker and Co. 1849.

There was a certain Eastern monarch who, being fond of conquest, was continually shifting his court from country to country, from city to city, and from region to region. Now he possessed a library so large that three thousand camels were required to bear it from place to place. This was considered, very naturally, as a great inconvenience, and the prince accordingly set his wits to work in order to discover some remedy. Consequently he called his wise men together and explained the grievance. "What shall I do?" said the king. "Make an abstract of the books," said the counsellors. "Make it for me," replied the king.

The wise men set about it, and before the expiration of twenty years presented his majesty with three hundred vast volumes, being little more than a table of contents of the whole library. "Three hundred volumes?" said the king; "that won't do." "What is to be done?" inquired the counsellors. "Make an abstract," replied the king.

The wise men went away, and at the end of ten years presented thirty ponderous tomes, being just a glance at the contents of the former three hundred. "Thirty volumes!" cried the monarch; "that won't do." "What is to be done?" inquired the counsellors. "Make an abstract," replied the king.

So they set to work, and at the end of one year presented his majesty with a nut, which, cracking with his regal tooth, he discovered to contain a slip of paper, whereon was written one laconic maxim. "That, your majesty," said the wise men, "contains all the wisdom of your vast library." The king read, learnt it by heart, and said approvingly, "It is well; you may go."

Now, however, for the application of this delightful legend. Very many ponderous volumes emanating from Marlborough-street, New Burlington-street, Albemarle-street, and Paternoster-row might with advantage be compressed into a nut-shell, or dispensed with altogether. This, however, is not exactly the object of our present observations. We refer to elementary German works, shoals of which have issued from the press, large, heavy, and pretending; each offering to impart complete, rapid, and pleasant instruction, with little time, less labour, and no drudgery.

Need we say, however, how many of them have proved failures? Mr. Falck Lebahn, however, has compressed the study of the German language, if not into a nut-shell, at least into two very moderate volumes. We have previously noticed his "German in One Volume," which, among all those who have learnt, are learning, or intend to learn the language, has earned, or will earn him a reputation as a writer of books of instruction which few others have enjoyed. The present companion volume will prove of infinite value to the student, especially to those who intend to pursue the study without the assistance of a teacher. The first three chapters are given with an interlinear translation and notes, which thoroughly explain every difficulty, every idiomatic phrase, and, indeed, every obstacle which presents itself in the way of the thorough comprehension of intricate passages. Mr. Lebahn, indeed, pursues a novel and simple plan. His notes are thoroughly explanatory, and not a single difficulty is glossed over. In the most complete manner every sentence is thoroughly explained, and indeed more fully than we, from our restricted space, can describe. Besides this, Mr. Lebahn quotes numerous passages from about eighty authors, which lend a literary charm to the volume. "The best introduction," says Mr. Lebahn, in his excellent preface, "is that which ultimately gives the greatest facility and skill in practice, and a thing is most easily learned by that process which brings it most directly home to the habits as well as the thoughts of the learner; I, therefore, proceed on the principle of teaching German through its affinity to the English. In various instances, where the two idioms differ now, I have adduced examples in proof that a similar construction or expression actually exists, or once was used in English." Mr. Lebahn in this passage explains his own system, and, in reality, he does what he attempts—that is, facilitates the study of his mother tongue, rendering it more easy and attractive to the English student. To many works, in which we find all that we do not care to find, but little that we

really want, we may apply Butler's lines, comparing these explanations of the German language to the nets of law, in which students—

—“When they are once embrangled  
The more they stir, the more they're tangled.”

But with Mr. Lebahn's books every page renders the study more clear; as we progress we learn; leaf after leaf we turn over, and know more of the language; consequently we can offer the reader who is anxious to learn German, the strongest advice to procure “German in One Volume,” and “Practice in German.”

“For since the time we have to live  
In this world's shortened, let us strive  
To make our best advantage of it,  
And pay our losses with our profit.”

Seriously speaking, we know of no better books of the kind; they will be found invaluable to the student. From those who have had the advantage of the author's oral instruction, we hear that it is pursued on a most original and yet simple plan, which clears away all the difficulties of the language. With this and its companion volume, however, the student, even if deprived of the advantages of this instruction, will be able to progress rapidly with the study of a language at once beautiful, useful, and, in reality, not difficult to learn.

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## OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

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LEONI LEE AND COXHEAD.

**A NEW PIANOFORTE SCHOOL.** By ALBERT KELLER.—We received this educational brochure early in the month for review, and placed it in the hands of a child of almost infant years for purposes of instruction. When we add that already has it rendered her familiar with the notes, and enabled her to run her fingers over the gamut, observations upon its merits become superfluous. Anything more suited for the immature intellects of childhood never came across our notice; and we are convinced that the universal adoption of this work as a musical primer will enable many parents to teach their children the whole of the rudiments, and prepare learners to receive the lessons of preceptors without difficulty or loss of time. The book is embellished with a very beautiful frontispiece representing the proper attitude in which to sit at the piano, and the most facile and elegant mode of holding the fingers.

**SABBATH OFFERINGS.**—We have already taken occasion to speak of this series of songs for the Sabbath evening, by Fanny Lacy, and are happy to add that it improves as it progresses: no family should be without the work. The sweetness of the music, the beauty and purity of the words, and the elegance of the illustrations, adapt it for any drawing-room. Accustom a child in a cottage to learn from works with such an aspect, and it will become elevated above the vulgarities of humble station —“a consummation devoutly to be wished,” and one that would tend to materially accelerate the great march of social improvement. The beautiful airs of the work are by Flood, Glover, Karl Muller, Hime, and other composers. The subjects of the words are all calculated to the promotion of sentiments proper for the holy day of rest, as the titles alone will sufficiently prove. The following have already appeared:—“Piety,” “Religion,” “Purity,” “Meditation,” “Supplication,” “Welcome,” and “Sacrifice,” each of which is a sweet sermon, set in song and breathed in music.